

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY.

Household number for June



DRAWN BY ERNEST HASKELL

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New York City

Collier's

Saturday, May 28, 1910



Cover Design	Drawn by Ernest Haskell	
TELL ROOSEVELT		7
England's New Queen. Photograph		8
Editorials		9
What the World Is Doing		11
Comment on Congress	Mark Sullivan	14
The Halting Y. W. C. A.	Louise Eberle	15
Since Man Proposes	Margaretta Muhlenberg Tuttle	16
The Exciting Life. Story	Ellis Parker Butler	17
Deep Waters. Story	P. G. Wodehouse	18
Koenig's Discovery. Story	J. M. Oskison	20
Woman To-Day		21
For the Reader of Books	Conducted by Rowland Thomas	22
Comments from the Country		33

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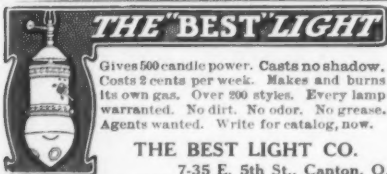
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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 57

This is the fourth of a series of seven Bulletins by Collier's editors, appearing in the issues of May 7, 14, 21, 28; June 4, 11, and 18.

E. L. Batterman.

FROM THE DRAMATIC EDITOR

NEW YORK is the center of the American theatrical world almost as Paris is the center of France—a reservoir, so to speak, from which new ideas and fresh pleasure will be carried, sooner or later, all over the United States. And its plays are, naturally, an important part of the country's news.

Satisfactorily to "cover" the almost continuous happenings of the theater in a weekly newspaper cramped for space and reaching a widely scattered audience, many of whom will never see the plays considered, offers some embarrassments. Little can be said of the players themselves. That warm closeness to the thing itself, felt by both writers and readers of a daily newspaper when considering something that happened the evening before in their own town, must be pretty much lost.

One may not be gossipy, and yet a perfunctory record will scarcely placate the mythical old lady in Oshkosh for whom New York periodicals are said to be edited. She must be entertained. The quick pigeonholing of plays into this or

that class, while helpful to journalists anxious to save time, will not greatly nourish her.

Lengthy reviews, on the other hand, are scarcely in place in a paper like this. Serious criticism, indeed—criticism which often has more life and vitality than the thing criticised—is not much read in this country. Possibly this is because so little is written.

Nevertheless it is undoubtedly true that the average American doesn't take much interest in intellectual gymnastics unless attached to pretty practical things. The Wall Street reporter may analyze the exquisite nuances of a three-point drop in Steel Common with the style of Walter Pater and the solemnity of a German archeologist and nobody calls him a highbrow. On the dramatic page of the same paper, however, a work of genius which sums up a whole life's experience must often be disposed of in a few half-flippant words.

With all the various alternatives and necessary compromises we may at least do one thing—choose what is really significant and speak of it with complete freedom and impartiality.

Arthur Ruhl.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—"From the News Editor"

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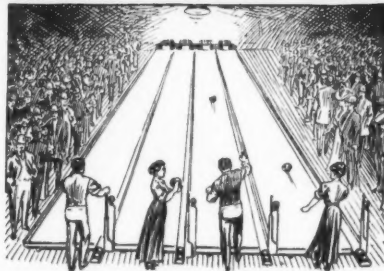
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 28, 1910



¶ The issue for June 4 will contain, in addition to the usual departments, two articles on subjects of uncommon interest—the Commencement Week exercises at Carlisle, including a comic opera given by the Indian students, and the Aviation School in France

Man-Birds Learning to Fly

¶ Frenchmen are far more sophisticated than we in the use of the aeroplane in spite of the fact that the two pioneers, not to say discoverers, of the art of aerial navigation are Americans. Flying, that is to say, is much more a popular sport or fad than it is here. They have established an aeroplane school on a wide empty plain to the east of Paris, where any one who has the money and wants to learn to fly may receive instruction. You pay something like 25,000 francs down, and your machine is started. Then, while it is being built you go out to the aviation school to learn how to use it. There are biplanes and monoplanes—machines that look like fish, and machines that look like birds,—all skimming through the air like messengers of a coming age. The beginner learns from a stationary machine at first; then from a machine which rises from the ground, but is tied down by its tail, and finally he is allowed to fly free. Mr. James Hopper has visited the school for Collier's and in the next number he will tell all about it, even to the new French slang which the man-birds have coined. It is a highly entertaining article, on a subject almost untouched.

¶ Orville Wright recently conducted a sort of aviation school at Montgomery, Alabama. It was similar to the French school, except that there was one teacher and one kind of aeroplane, instead of many teachers and several different models. The Wright Brothers are now continuing their flights in Dayton. There is a rumor that they will attempt to better Paulhan's long-distance flight by flying from Dayton to Chicago. An article on their recent work in this country will appear in the near future in Collier's.

Graduation Week at Carlisle

¶ The only good Indian (so runs the 1910 maxim) is an educated Indian. Several million dollars are spent every year by the Government to prove it—in more than two hundred small reservation schools and in more than a dozen good-sized schools in various parts of the white man's country. At the top of the non-reservation school system stands the big education plant at Carlisle, Pa., where 1,000 boys and girls are taught "readin' an' 'ritin' an' 'rithmetic," and sewing and carpentering and plastering and farming and—twenty other trades. The Carlisle idea is to turn out not only an educated, but also a self-supporting, self-respecting Indian.

¶ In next week's issue will appear "A Carlisle Commencement," by J. M. Oskison. It is a report of a graduation program that abundantly illustrates the new idea in Indian education. Throughout five days, at the end of March, Carlisle students gave such a lifelike imitation of the graduation frenzy of a combined college, technical school, and normal institute that an expert would find it hard to pick flaws.

¶ There was the address formal and literary by an upstanding young man; there were the demonstrations manual by deft-fingered graduates, boys and girls; there was the proof athletic; there were the entertainments musical—school band concerts, orchestra performances, and a lavish comic opera production. Taking the graduating program at its face value, it answers a very pertinent query: Does it pay to educate the Indian?

What Is the Reason?

¶ Perhaps the most popular topic of serious conversation in the homes of the country is the present high cost of living. Explanations as varied as the elements that enter into living cost are offered. Some of these are interesting and important. Some are important and dull. Generally, they are full of theory.

¶ Collier's is anxious to collect as many ideas bearing on this subject as possible. We invite letters giving personal experiences, and suggesting specific remedies. We shall expect to receive a good deal of material that we can use in the paper later on. We should be glad to receive such letters during the next two months. Obviously, we can not impose conditions of length, nor ask that contributions be in at a certain time; but the shorter and more specific letters are, and the sooner we receive them, the better for our purposes.

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By
The Rt. Hon. GERALD BALFOUR
Prominent Member of the British
Society for Psychical Research

A study of the bearing of recent Psychical Research on the three typical doctrines of the relation of mind to body.

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Best, most serviceable, fast color, unshrinkable Rompers. Choice of pink or blue, checked chambray, with neck, collar and belt bound in white. 5 for \$1.00
Rompers of madras with yoke, rolling collar, belt and pocket piped in white; choice of assorted checks and stripes, 3 for \$1.00
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

WHITE Steam and Gasoline CARS FOR 1911

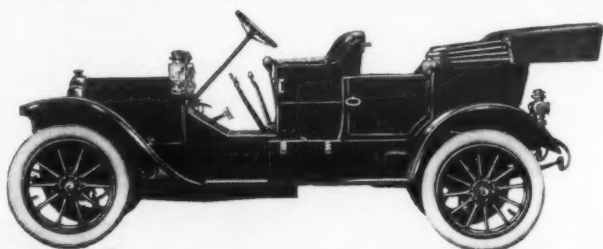
Having disposed of our entire 1910 output, we now announce our models of steam and gasoline cars for 1911. Deliveries of the new cars have already commenced.

No radical changes have been introduced into the 1911 cars—because none were necessary. Furthermore, no maker or designer in any part of the world has announced any features which are more up-to-date than those already embodied in the White Cars. The improvements announced by other makers have been simply the adoption of one or more features of White construction.

Gasoline Cars

The 1911 White Gasoline Car, like the 1910 model, is a car of moderate size and moderate power—the type which is most economical to maintain and which fully answers the requirements of the great majority of motorists. Combined with moderate size and moderate power, the White possesses a degree of **QUALITY** which is to be found elsewhere only in the highest-priced high-powered cars.

No other car, regardless of price, has so

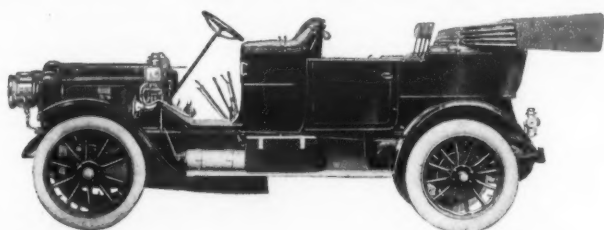


many advanced features as the White. Notable among these advanced features are the **"long-stroke" engine**; four cylinders cast en bloc, with intake and exhaust passages included within the engine casting; and **four-speed transmission** with direct drive on the third gear. An inspection will show that every detail of the car is of equally advanced design.

Steam Cars

The White Steam Car more than maintains its reputation as the easiest riding car in the world. People of delicate constitutions find that it is the only car in which they can tour without experiencing fatigue—because the White is noiseless and absolutely free from vibration. Moreover, as all speeds are obtained by throttle control, there are never any jerks or jolts due to the changing of gears.

Because of the flexibility of steam power, the ease of control, and the great reserve



power of the Steamer, it is by far the most satisfactory car for use in all sections where the country is hilly, or where the roads are sandy or otherwise unimproved.

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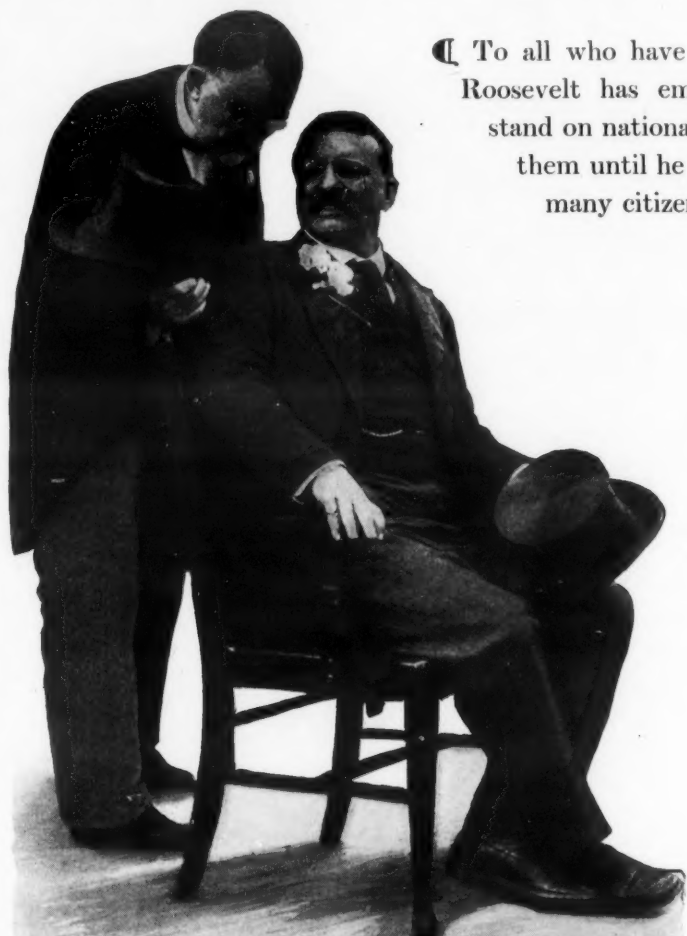
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TELL ROOSEVELT



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¶ To all who have asked for his views on American politics Colonel Roosevelt has emphatically declared that he will not take any stand on national issues or make any public utterance concerning them until he has thoroughly informed himself by talking with many citizens of various political persuasions and convictions.

"He desires it to be known that he is keeping a perfectly open mind while being posted upon events during his absence, and with regard to the present political situation at home. Without bias he is ready to listen to friend or foe."—Associated Press despatch from Genoa, April 8.

"He proposes to talk with many men of many minds on the subject of home politics, thereby informing himself before coming to any definite conclusions."—From "Roosevelt To-Day," by Henry Beach Needham, COLLIER'S correspondent with Roosevelt.

"Strong efforts are being made to induce Mr. Roosevelt to take part in the autumn campaign. The pressure is coming from all sources, but he is giving no indication of what he will do. . . . Mr. Roosevelt is waiting until his arrival home before indicating what his decision may be."—John Callan O'Laughlin in the New York "Times," despatch from Porto Maurizio, April 12.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

¶ The coupon on this page has been devised as a medium through which those who wish to can tell Mr. Roosevelt their own opinions and the state of political feeling in their communities.

Cut this out and

Let Roosevelt hear from YOU

FROM each of the twelve sentences printed on the coupon, cross out the words you don't want ("are" or "are not," etc.) and leave in the words you do want. Sign your name and address, and state your business or profession—this will make the tabulation of these coupons so much more valuable and interesting. Then cut out the coupon, place it in an envelope addressed to "Editor of COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.," affix a two-cent stamp to the envelope, seal it and drop it in the letter-box. The results of this "plebiscite" will be tabulated and submitted to Mr. Roosevelt.

CUT THIS OUT ALONG THIS LINE

TO THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S,
416 West 13th Street, New York.

Sir: It is highly desirable that Mr. Roosevelt, as a public leader with very large power to affect the course of events in this nation, should be furnished with correct information upon the state of political feeling throughout the country. Relying upon his publicly expressed desire thus to inform himself, I take the liberty of sending you these facts concerning political conditions in my community, on the condition that they will be transmitted to him with such other similar information as you may gather:

1. I ~~am~~ ^{am not} satisfied with the present tariff.
2. I ~~do not favor~~ ^{favor} immediate revision downward.
3. The Republicans in my community ~~favor~~ ^{the Regular leaders like Cannon and Aldrich, the Insurgent leaders like Doliver and Murdock.}
4. The Roosevelt conservation policies ~~are~~ ^{are not} being carried out by the present Administration.
5. I hope to see the next Congress controlled by the ~~Regular Republicans.~~ ^{Democrats. Insurgent Republicans.}
6. I ~~do not favor~~ ^{favor} the reelection of Cannon as Speaker of the next Congress.
7. I ~~do not favor~~ ^{favor} the establishment of a parcels post.
8. I ~~do not favor~~ ^{favor} the establishment of postal savings banks.
9. I ~~do not favor~~ ^{favor} closer commercial reciprocity with Canada.
10. I ~~do not favor~~ ^{favor} the adoption of a national income tax.
11. At the last Presidential election I voted for ~~Bryan.~~ ^{Taft.}
12. I am ~~not satisfied~~ ^{satisfied} with Mr. Taft's Administration so far.

Yours very respectfully,

Name.....

Address.....

Business.....



England's New Queen



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

May 28, 1910

Values

DID OLD JOHNSON err when he said mankind disliked to think? The doctor sometimes was peevish. Man objects to being fed exclusively with thought and knowledge. He craves also laughter and tears; comedy and tragedy; adventure and surprise; sport, comfort, and consolation. He can not live only for the higher satisfactions, but these he is fairly willing to include. This militant weekly of ours, for example, may be taken as a gage of what the public will endure. We have 117,000 more subscribers than we had twelve months ago. Had we used the same energy in exploiting facts that could not personally offend a human being—pretty actresses, the size of our country, gossip of the prominent, how to get rich, stories of poor lads rescuing trains and marrying daughters of employers—we could have increased our circulation probably twice as fast; but would it have been worth the doing? We live but once, and it is preferable not to make all the money possible, but to do as much good as each of us can afford. Journalism, no longer a private business, is a public function; but life generally, ought it also not to be considered something of a trust? It is a flashing moment we are on this earth, and the brevity becomes bare if we put into it nothing that helps our fellow-beings. Faith is a cardinal virtue, and charity a greater, but the English word charity ill conveys the thought: it means that spirit of love and effort which is faith expressed in deed. We are poor at these preachings, but would fain express the belief that cheap success is easily obtained, with reasonable advantage and ability, but that also moderate worldly prosperity may be combined with methods and pursuits which are worth the expenditure of the precious, fleeting years.

Rereading "Hamlet"

THE WONDER OF IT increases with experience. When, sitting open-eyed, you first listen to the words pronounced, great are the vistas and intense the thrill. Riper years, giving you comparisons, deepen the miracle of the crags and valleys, the lights and darknesses, the marvelous eloquence of it all. Further reaches the sense of magnitude, when your own children are growing, and you see another generation expanding in the warmth and strength of the same masterpieces that gave the best impulses to your own young life.

Stopping Plays

ABSOLUTE LICENSE is impossible in any community. There must always be lodged in the authorities some discretion about the protection of public morals. It is well, no doubt, to minimize this police power wherever there can be any legitimate difference of opinion or of taste. The police of New York City rendered themselves ridiculous when they forced BERNARD SHAW'S "Mrs. Warren's Profession" off the stage. When, however, Mayor GAYNOR refused to renew the license of the theater where "The Girl with the Whooping Cough" was running he acted on the perfectly sound principle that there are exhibitions for which nothing can be said. The same point of view has led to a vast improvement recently in the quality of the scenes presented in the moving-picture shows, and there is no reason why the public which patronizes those shows should be protected and the public which pays more money on Broadway should be confronted with the most crass and inexcusable indecencies. If Mayor GAYNOR belonged to the type of mind which wishes to regulate everything there might be ground to fear that he would go on from this clear case to others not so clear. As, however, he is thoroughly democratic in his philosophy and impulses and is now almost extreme in his objection to governmental interference with personal choice, it may be safely assumed that the police power in his hands will be kept within its proper limits, at the same time that it will be firmly used within those boundaries.

Potatoes

AMONG THE "POINTERS" given out to the dry farmer by the experiment station at Bozeman, Montana, are these:

"Science and diligence will quadruple the harvest."

"Use only the best seed, select varieties, and well cleaned."

Let us see if these Montana observations are sound. We take the following figures from a remarkable book called "Efficiency," by HARRINGTON EMERSON, published by the "Engineering Magazine" in 1909: The average yield of potatoes in the United States is 96 bushels per acre. The highest average in the largely desert State of Wyoming is 200 bushels, which is due to the intelligence of one man, who himself

reached 1,000 bushels per acre. If the whole United States did one quarter as well in potatoes as this one man, the increased value of the crop in one year would pay for the Panama Canal. Men stand in line for charity bread; yet if wheat were treated with what experts deem reasonable efficiency the yield would be raised from 650,000,000 bushels to 2,500,000,000 bushels per year, and this not by intenser work or longer hours, but merely by a little knowledge and intelligence.

Explanation

THE PAGE, "Tell Roosevelt," which appeared last week, contained nothing to indicate that it was an utterance of COLLIER'S. As it three times referred to the "Outlook" and asked readers to send their letters to the "Outlook," that journal believes that many readers would mistake it for an "Outlook" advertisement. We hasten to explain that the idea of taking a sort of plebiscite for Mr. ROOSEVELT'S benefit was conceived by us and undertaken on our own responsibility, and that the "Outlook" had nothing to do with originating or carrying out the idea. It did not occur to us that in asking our readers to send their opinion on the state of the country to the distinguished homecomer in care of the "Outlook," we should be causing embarrassment to our contemporary. As soon as the question was raised, and in response to the vigorous protest of the "Outlook," we stopped our presses and substituted another page in the remaining part of the edition. We hasten to assure our readers that the "Tell Roosevelt" page was a disinterested inquiry by ourselves, not an advertisement by the "Outlook." A new form is presented this week on page 7. Instead, however, of asking our readers to send their views directly to Mr. ROOSEVELT, we request that the filled-out blanks be mailed to this office, where the answers will be tabulated by a force of clerks, and arranged clearly and concisely, to be presented to Mr. ROOSEVELT upon his arrival in this country. If our readers respond as freely as we hope they will, Colonel ROOSEVELT will receive a very clear picture of the state of public opinion at the present moment.

Shreds of Suspicion

IT HAS BEEN a dismal fight, this harsh conflict for justice and the truth, and it is not a pretty thing to force Presidents and Attorney-Generals unwillingly to be candid with Congress and the people. We are accused of wishing to injure the Administration. Those who have followed, since last August, our campaign in vindication of GARFIELD, GLAVIS, PINCHOT, and ROOSEVELT, and in defense of Alaska and the water-power inheritance of us all, know how clinging was our confidence in TAFT, how unwillingly we concluded that his credulity must bear its full share of blame for what BALLINGER has been allowed to do.

Why did the Attorney-General of the United States need to misdate a document in order to deceive the public about the amount of investigation made before a public servant was dismissed?

Why did the President of the United States need to tell the Senate he had based his decision partly on a report of the Attorney-General which did not exist; and why did he conceal from the Senate a document which would have shown that the "exoneration" of BALLINGER was prepared not by Mr. TAFT, but by the Interior Department?

The reason that the President, the Attorney-General, and the Interior Department struggled so hard to suppress, by shameless trickery, the essential documents in the Ballinger case, is that the Lawler-Ballinger report, on which the President founded his so-called exoneration, is a wicked document; a false, cruel, cheating document; a report so full of lies and oppression that it justifies our term, "The American Dreyfus Case." If the President believed this evil concoction, no wonder he discharged GLAVIS, and allowed PINCHOT, SHAW, PRICE, and HOYT to be sacrificed also to the Serpent-slaying ACHILLES. Mr. TAFT wrote a few months ago that he had seldom gone so deeply into any matter as into this. Then alas for him!

It is no wonder GIFFORD PINCHOT made up his mind there was too much crookedness in Washington for him to remain quiet.

It is no wonder the Administration worked so hard to secure an investigation committee which was bound ahead to whitewash. Only the defeat of CANNON thwarted this pretty scheme. Only the fighting powers of Mr. BRANDEIS, who understands the System and detests it, dragged the necessary documents out of their hiding-places. Only the presence on the committee of a few free men enabled Mr. BRANDEIS to succeed in his herculean effort to stand out against a majority which bullied him, fought his witnesses, and acted as personal counsel for Secretary BALLINGER. "Who," indignantly asks Mr. MORGAN'S able friend, the

New York "Sun," "is this man BRANDEIS?" And the same rage is shown by the System newspapers everywhere, although happily the free papers far outnumber the others in number and in influence. The future belongs to such journals as the Kansas City "Star," the Philadelphia "North American," the Portland (Oregon) "Journal," the San Francisco "Bulletin," the Los Angeles "Express," the Newark "News," the Louisville "Courier-Journal," the Columbia "State," the New Orleans "Item," the Richmond "Times-Dispatch," the Emporia "Gazette," "La Follette's," the "Commoner," "Life," the "Outlook," the "American Magazine," "McClure's," and the other newspapers and periodicals, fortunately numbering hundreds, which, refusing to be shackled, give to the people undisputed facts about the political and economic controversies of the day. "The 'Sun's' interest in the [Ballinger] affair," remarks that journal, "is purely academic." Indeed, and indeed! Mr. J. P. MORGAN's interest is far from academic. So is the interest of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. Very real is the interest of Senator PILES, Senator SUTHERLAND, and Senator FLINT; of Mr. CANNON's probable successor, Mr. OLMSTED; of the President's friends and counsellors, Messrs. HAMMOND, ALDRICH, SHERMAN, TAWNEY, etc.; in fact, of the whole grand old combination of "big" business men, corporation lawyers, and pliant statesmen who are now threatened with the end of their supremacy by an angry people.

Of course, when this investigation began, the Administration, thinking it could name the committee, never expected that the public would learn such facts as the Guggenheim agreement, Senator GUGGENHEIM's interest in the Interior Department, HITCHCOCK's rôle, BALLINGER's previous record and his concealment of documents, WICKERSHAM's misdating and his suppression of the Hoyt interview, the President's permitting the Department to write the "judicial" opinion in its own case. When people complain of the length of this investigation, let them remember that every step has been a struggle against the majority of the committee; that the most important evidence has been suppressed; that the "goat defense" has used up much time; that BALLINGER's whole plan was to refuse to answer squarely any questions, treating them all as "persecution," and to lie with incredible freedom. It was only at the end of weeks of struggle that Mr. BRANDEIS obtained absolute proof of WICKERSHAM's duplicity and LAWLER's authorship of TAFT's decision.

NELSON, chairman of the committee, fought as hard as anybody to suppress the truth, and his failures were what caused the fiercest of his many attacks on BRANDEIS. NELSON's behavior throughout was such that Mr. GRAHAM, minority member of the committee, was compelled to say to him: "I will not adopt your suggestion now, because I do not think it was honestly made."

Here are two samples out of the mass of lies with which Mr. BRANDEIS was compelled to deal:

"MR. BRANDEIS—Do you wish the committee to understand that you had no interest in that except as a friendly act for Judge HANFORD?"

"SECRETARY BALLINGER—That was the position I took in connection with it."

Immediately after this answer Mr. BRANDEIS faced BALLINGER with a letter which forced him to admit he had himself owned stock in the company.

In pursuing his usual goat defense, Mr. BALLINGER denied any personal knowledge of a certain telegram sent to one of the Cunningham claimants, whereupon Mr. BRANDEIS, by possessing the original document, promptly drove him to admit that he wrote it with his own hand.

Now, by the way, we will answer, in a brief Who's Who, this question of Mr. MORGAN's indignant cry. Mr. BRANDEIS is the man who, more than any other, is responsible for a system of savings bank insurance which puts Massachusetts ahead of all other States in the effort to make old age easier for the poor. He is the man who, something over a year ago, won the Oregon case in the Supreme Court of the United States, and thereby settled the principle that laboring women may be protected by State law against long hours of employment. He is the man who, only a few weeks ago, left the Ballinger investigation to run out to Illinois and win, before the Supreme Court, a victory similar to the one in the Oregon case. He is the man who, in the well-known gas controversy, defended the interests of Boston, which now has a better arrangement with her gas company than any other big city in America. He is the man who went down to Cooper Union, in New York City, some years before the Metropolitan Traction Company failed, and explained in figures exactly how the frenzied finance of that company would bring disaster. He is the man who almost single-handed conducted the campaign against the New Haven merger with the Boston and Maine. He is a man whose attacks are always on the predatory powerful, and who is ever ready in defense of the undefended many. He is, we hope, a man who has ahead of him long years in which to arouse the fury of papers influenced as the "Sun" is influenced.

The New York "Tribune," official spokesman of the Administration, sees fit to be outraged by the discovery that we are legally protecting our contributor. We are glad to serve warning on the "Tribune," and on all other forces, that when we invite a citizen to use our columns for the purpose of giving information to the public, we hold ourselves responsible. Our eyes were not shut when we undertook to force this investigation. We intended to see it to a finish. We knew the odds, and we fully planned to take such steps as might be needed to secure justice in the end.

How Many?

ON MAY 7 LAST YEAR, the United States Senate was fixing the tariff on lead. Senator LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin arose and made this statement:

"Mr. President, I am myself placed in a position where I shall withhold my vote . . . and for this reason: Some years ago, when I was not in official life, I acquired an interest in land in Wisconsin which has proved to be, in part, lead-bearing property. . . . One portion of it is at this time producing lead ore in small quantities, and zinc ore as well. I make this statement now as covering both these products. If maintaining duties or increasing duties affects the price of those products, I can not consistently and conscientiously vote upon this question as a member of this body; and therefore upon this roll-call I shall, for the reason stated, withhold my vote."

When the Senate and House are called upon to discuss and vote upon the question whether Mr. BALLINGER was improperly expediting the transfer of valuable coal lands from the United States to the GUGGENHEIMS, how many will accept the standard set by the Senator from Wisconsin?

A Light from History

MANY READERS wish to know why we rated Mr. TAFT so much higher two years ago than we do now. Let us give an incomplete answer by offering a comparison. Before Mr. BUCHANAN's inauguration everything looked as if he were sure to have a successful administration. His character, ability, and experience were promising. He had been well educated. He had been, almost without interruption, in the public service. He had held positions in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, in the Cabinet, in diplomacy. As Secretary of State, in an Administration whose foreign problems were difficult, his record had been good. As Senator he had stood well. His service abroad had apparently given him more than the usual insight into foreign politics. His character, with its uprightness and caution, was particularly appreciated by the thoughtful. He talked well. What caused BUCHANAN's failure was a lack of harmony between him and the needs of the moment. Men like LINCOLN and SEWARD, talking about irrepressible conflicts and houses divided against themselves, represented the stir of the time, and all that BUCHANAN could understand was peace. Experience and good intentions wasted themselves in effort after harmony. In the end the President was found firmly joined to one faction, using his patronage and influence to distress the other. BUCHANAN chose a poor Cabinet, which caused surprise, considering his long and wide acquaintance with men and affairs. Let us hope that the analogy between his administration and Mr. TAFT's will in the end prove to be fanciful and slight.

The Right Kind

A SIGN OF THE TIMES may be found in the candidacy of WILLIAM KENT, who has been persuaded to run for Congress in the State of California. Mr. KENT has a record of fifteen or more years of very active and efficient public service in which he never sought any advantage for himself. Whatever political progress has been made in Chicago in the present era owes much to him. Since he has been living on his ranch in California he has taken a characteristically energetic part in the questions affecting that State. He has always been keenly interested in national affairs also and has an inside knowledge of them. It would not be easy to think of many men as well fitted to represent a great State in the Congress of the United States. If California sends him to Washington she will know she has a man beyond the reach of any influence except his own conscience and the facts; so well informed and so versed in practical politics that nobody can fool him; and so large-minded that he will be an honored representative of the new political standards which are growing so rapidly in our country.

Loss and Gain

THE WHOLE PEOPLE of the United States were the gainers when Governor HUGHES accepted the nomination to the Supreme Court, but the immediate loss to the people of the State of New York was great. The routine politicians who had been so severely punished by the voters when they opposed the Governor's methods had become cowed and willing to accept the popular verdict, but as soon as the Governor showed that he would no longer be in a position to take the stump, and to explain to the State the situation when the machine undertook any of its characteristic activities, there was an immediate outburst of confidence in the same old gang power. The first exhibition was the killing of the Direct Primary Bill. Other exhibitions may be expected, for the citizens of New York State are not awake. It was only the determination of HUGHES that made them seem so.

Country

THE CRAVING TO BREAK AWAY from the confines of city life is now due. The desire to flee from pavement and masonry to where the earth is fragrant, the trees abundant, and the stars unsullied, a

"gentle, cool retreat

From all th' immoderate heat,

In which this frantic world doth burn and sweat.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the author of these lines, also wrote in prose:

"I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature."

A good writer, old ABRAHAM. His views are shared, and there is a steady enlistment in the much-ridiculed but highly contented commuter ranks.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

A Record of Current Events

England at a Crisis

TROUBLED is the word for the present situation in Great Britain. The mass of the people are loyal to their new King, but there is a silent uneasiness about him. He is untried in power, nor has he had the discipline and experience as man of the world which rendered his father the easy master of unexpected situations.

Queen Alexandra has issued a pathetic appeal to the nation to stand by her son, the new ruler.

Meantime the acerbities of the political struggle have been softened by the warm personal feeling which both Government and Opposition entertained for the late King. Nor has this kindlier element been altogether dissipated by the discourteous intimations from certain inflammable Unionists that the King's death was hastened by the Government's budget and veto policy.

But the look ahead is one of grave concern, as the most important crisis in many years is soon to be faced, and that with an untried ruler in Buckingham Palace, and no supreme statesman in either of the Houses of Parliament.

A Spring Review of Legislation

MR. TAFT talked to the Passaic business men on May 9 about the winter's legislation. This is the bill of fare on which Congress is now gnashing its teeth:

1. Statehood bills for New Mexico and Arizona—passed the House, pending in the Senate.

Hitches—(a) Disfranchising Mexicans, for not speaking English, who were already voters under previous laws. (b) Provisions for public lands and the payment of the debts of the Territories. (c) Likely to add four Democrats or radical Republicans to the Senate.

2. Conservation Bills—The act, ratifying the withdrawals of public land heretofore made (amounting to upward of 60,000,000 acres) and empowering the President to make other withdrawals—passed the House.

The conservation bills, dealing with coal lands, oil lands and phosphates, and water-power sites—probably will go over to the next session.

3. A bill authorizing the issue of \$30,000,000 of bonds with which to continue the construction of irrigation plants already begun by the Reclamation Service—"ought to pass."

4. The Injunction Act—Providing that an injunction issued without notice shall not be of effect for more than seven days unless within that time actual notice is given and a hearing had—"ought to be put through."

Hitches—The dangers of amendment, making a jury trial requisite in contempt cases and legitimatizing boycotts.

5. Postal Savings Bank Bill—Passed the Senate, pending in the House—"Hopeful."

6. Publicity of Expenditure Bill—Passed the House, reported favorably to the Senate.

7. Bill Amending the Interstate Commerce Law—Passed one House—"amended but not emasculated." This "railroad bill" creates a commerce court able to dispose of interstate business promptly.

The Kaiser's Friend

MY FRIEND ROOSEVELT" reviewed 12,000 German troops, sitting in the saddle five hours side by side with the Kaiser. In the presence of 300 staff officers, the Kaiser turned to the Colonel at the end of the wearing session, called him "Mein Freund Roosevelt" and said he was glad to welcome the most distinguished American citizen. "You are the first civilian who has ever reviewed German troops."

For a day or two it seemed as if the Roosevelt luck had changed. With the unexpected death of England's King, most of the plans for wholesale public entertaining were given up, and informal receptions and meals substituted. Not only was there an eclipse at this point; but the far-famed vitality underwent a slight ebb. The rapid shifts of climate from the tropics to the far north of Europe touched

his throat so that on certain days he could scarcely speak. His voice has always been shrill and rasping, as if it were expelled through a troubled passage. And it requires only a little roughening of the glands to render him almost inaudible. But the ill luck was temporary and he was soon again riding the whirlwind.

On May 12 he gave the most carefully thought-out lecture of his tour, wherein he told the University of Berlin of the world movement which recent centuries have made possible. He emphasized the need of virile ideals, of plenty of healthy children. He praised compulsory military service.

Iowa Speaks Its Mind

THE Gentlemen from Iowa have stirred up brisk back-talk. The significant sentence in the speech of Senator Cummins on May 10 was this: "The sooner we realize that this division in the ranks of the Republican Party is not ephemeral, the sooner we appreciate that it is a movement of the people, the sooner we will become conscious of a great and everlasting truth."

Almost as keen and searching was his description of the leaders of the Republican organization, and how, when a law is proposed restricting or reducing corporate power, their first inquiry is not, "Will this measure bring help to the people?" but "Is it recommended by the captains of industry, the masters of high finance?"

Senator Dolliver dealt with the tariff table which Mr. Taft had displayed at Winona as proving a

sis of figures will soon convince any one how deceptive and misleading this much-quoted table really is."

St. Paul's Proposed Harbor

ST. PAUL, occupying a strategic position at the head of present navigation on the Mississippi River, is contemplating no less a move than lifting the river from its bed and making it flow through a new channel. The necessity for this has arisen from the city's growth, the need of more ground in the crowded business district, and the demand for better harbor and trackage facilities.

The city of St. Paul is built in a valley and on bluffs extending back from the river. Its railway terminals, comprising extensive yardage and a Union passenger station, lie in the valley and near the harbor. Other land nearby is used for factories, warehouses, wholesale houses, and commercial purposes. Its sixteen miles of water-front represent value, and more room is needed in this heart of the city. St. Paul is crowding the river, and the solution of the problem is that the river must move. This is only a part of the situation. Not only will it involve the building of a much needed larger Union station, but the ten railroads running into it have trackage along the river's bank and are concerned in any changes.

The result will be a new Union station, better harbor facilities, the addition of from thirty to a hundred or more acres of ground in the very heart of the business district, and the annexing of a tract on the west side suitable for the location of factories and industries. All this land will be the equivalent

of many city blocks situated exactly where it is needed, adjacent to electric lines and within a mile of the court-house and city hall. Fortunately, the configuration of the river at St. Paul facilitates the scheme. It flows directly through the city, but just below the center of the business section it describes a large curve. By filling in the present bed and straightening about two thousand feet and cutting a new channel in the point of land formed by the river's bend, the Mississippi will be shortened, the city will obtain needed land, and the railroads will be less crowded and have better facilities for handling traffic, and can build more lines. The present idea is to have the Union station situated where it now stands, but covering more ground. The necessity for more space is understood, for fifty-five thousand miles of road radiate from this place.

Though St. Paul, a few years ago, moved the channel of the river some fifty feet and straightened it, this is practically the first time in its history that the Mississippi will be radically changed. In no way will any contemplated action have to do with the Government work of the river, which since 1867—when Congress appropriated money for removing snags and overhanging trees which impeded navigation—has been carried on in a more or less systematic manner. St. Paul changes the channel as a city enterprise, and the Government will go on with its work of improving the river from that city to Cairo.

The Lost Leader

THE first result of the decision by Governor Hughes to leave politics for the Supreme Court was seen in the defeat of his direct primaries bill on May 11. The Albany Assembly voted down his Hinman-Green measure by 77 to 67. It then added impudence to opposition by passing a bill continuing party conventions.

The Oldest Farmers in the World

RECENTLY we opened up the discussion of why China, Japan, and Korea could support three persons to the acre. Intensive agriculture, unceasing labor, wise methods were shown as some of the reasons. Professor F. H. King, a Wisconsin agricultural expert, was the man who had made the study of the soil and crops and people, and from the account of whose Far-Eastern pilgrimage we quoted.

Here are a few more of the things he saw:

The selection of rice and the millets as the great staple crops of the three nations, China, Japan, and Korea, coupled with the systems of culture which



Riding a Thoroughbred Without a Bridle

This photograph was taken in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where a young woman recently appeared on a spirited horse, and, without any bridle, skilfully held her seat during the animal's rearings

beneficent downward revision of the tariff. Senator Dolliver said of it: "This (the President's table) would indeed tend to prove a most substantial downward revision if the figures were accurate. Fortunately, the necessary statistics to render an analysis comparatively easy are available in a public document prepared under the direction of the Finance Committee by one of its employees. Such an analy-

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



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Colonel Roosevelt Arrives in Copenhagen

The popular greeting upon his entrance into the Danish capital, where, unfortunately, his baggage, with formal attire, had failed to follow him

they have evolved to permit them to make the most of them, is remarkable and indicates a grasp of essentials and principles of agricultural practise which may well cause Western nations to pause and reflect. Notwithstanding the larger and more favorable rainfall that we have in the Eastern United States, these nations have selected the one crop, rice, which permits them to utilize not only the entire rainfall of the growing season, falling upon their fields, but in addition enormous volumes of the run-off from uncultivated and unlivable mountain lands. In Japan more than half of their cultivated fields are laid out in level, basin-shaped areas and kept flooded with water during much of the growing season for rice. In Korea, from Antung to Fusan, along a distance of 400 miles, we journeyed almost continuously through fields laid out for rice culture, and in China the areas maintained under water for rice culture are vast in extent, aggregating many times that in Japan.

Considered either as engineering projects, as means for transportation, or as cultural systems to insure an overpeopled country against famine, it is difficult to convey by word or map any adequate conception of the magnitude or complexity of the systems of canalization which have been constructed in China. While passing, by houseboat, through the Chekiang province, from Shanghai to Hangchow, we made a careful record of the number and width of laterals leading into the Grand Canal on one side and out from it on the other, and found, in 57 of the 117 miles, no less than 134, averaging 22 feet wide, measured along the water surface, on one side, and 190 with an average width of 19 feet on the other. This is a mean of nearly three canals to every mile traveled, cutting the fields on either side, and they are sunk beneath the surface to depths of six to ten or more feet, while the soil removed has been leveled back over the fields, leaving no sign of excavated earth.

Sentencing the Grafters

SATURDAY, May 14, was the day appointed by the court for pronouncing sentence on those who have pleaded *nolo contendere* to, or have been found guilty of, charges of bribery and conspiracy in connection with legislation in Pittsburg City Councils.

The sentences ranged from eight months and \$5,000 fine in the case of A. A. Vilsack, former cashier of the German National Bank, to four months and \$250 in the case of P. B. Kearns, formerly Select Councilman from the Second Ward. Among those sentenced were Charles Stewart, a merchant tailor, and Hugh Ferguson, a contractor, both of whom were members of Common Council and the ring, but the

sentences were not immediately carried into execution as in the case of the others, as their counsel at once appealed and they are now held in \$10,000 apiece. A good deal of sympathy for Dr. W. H. Weber was expressed on account of an excellent previous record; it was in his house that a great deal of money changed hands, for though Johnny Klein, who is now serving time for his share in the matter, was supposed to act as go-between, he was not trusted, and Weber and Ferguson acted as distributors.

Morris Einstein, the last to be sentenced, made the arrangements with Emil Winter, president of the Workingman's Savings & Trust Company, by which that gentleman agreed to pay \$20,000 to the Big 6 for the purpose of having his institution chosen as a city depository.

Mr. Winter would now be as deeply involved as any of the others, had he not received permission from the court to go to Carlsbad for his health. He is under \$50,000 bonds, but it is said that he has

merely a working cashier, he was a dictator of the bank's policies to a considerable degree. It was he who proposed purchasing beneficial legislation, and it was he who, through his acquaintance with a saloon-keeper, Harry Bolger, got Ramsey introduced to Klein, who was at that time a member of the Big 6 and treasurer for the ring. As Klein said in his confession: "Then the banker met the bankrupt, and there was hell."

Some cases were continued further, but it seems to be the determination of the District Attorney's office to clear things up as fast as possible.

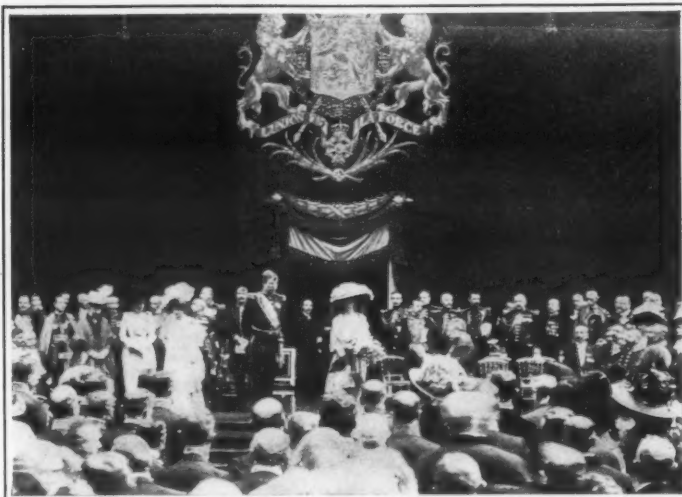
A New Disease

FOR several years physicians, particularly those connected with hospitals, have been puzzled by a curious complex of symptoms similar in many ways to the typhoid picture. The condition was at first diagnosed as typhoid fever, but as the modern blood tests used to identify this disease gave a negative reaction, the ordinary forms of typhoid were ruled out. When the paratyphoid bacilli were discovered (which produce intestinal and systemic conditions resembling a mild attack of typhoid) they seemed to offer a loophole of escape, but this diagnosis has also proved unsatisfactory in many cases.

It has been customary in hospital records to enter such cases under various heads—paratyphoid, atypical typhoid, digestion fever, paracolon infection, etc.—a system of nomenclature very obviously indicating the chaotic state of diagnostics in this particular case, and the need for some definite pronouncement on the subject. Dr. W. E. Brill of the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, as the result of fourteen years' experience with these typhoid-like cases, has come to the conclusion that they represent a new disease. He has a record of some two hundred and twenty cases, each with the following clinical picture:

The onset is acute, usually with a chill, and rapid rise of temperature, which culminates on the third day. Crisis occurs in about two weeks. The symptoms are severe—violent headache, even more prostration in the early stages than is seen in typhoid; the skin hot and dry; a profuse, dull-red rash, which appears about the sixth day, and does not fade out until the crisis occurs; the spleen much enlarged. Recovery is rapid after the crisis, and the only complication likely to occur is bronchitis.

No death has occurred among Dr. Brill's cases. The disease somewhat resembles a very mild attack of typhus fever, but appears to be sufficiently well differentiated from the latter disease and typhoid to deserve a special name. The "Medical Record" sug-



Opening the International Exposition

King Albert and the Queen of Belgium at the ceremonies in Brussels, April 23. Mr. Roosevelt made an address at the Exposition on April 28

had it in mind for some time to return to Germany to live, and many think that he would be glad to forfeit his bond, considering it a cheap way out of his troubles.

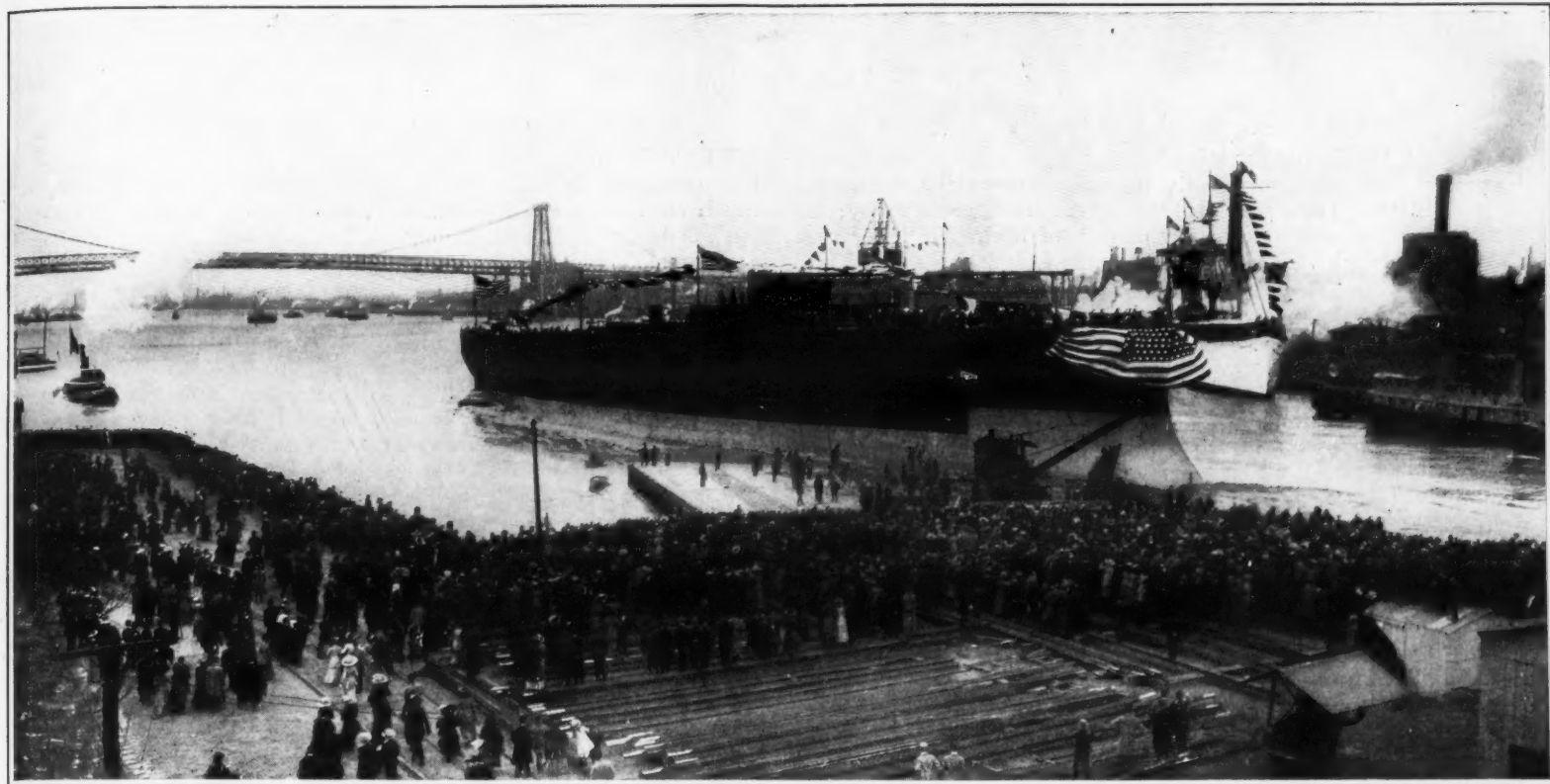
It is felt by those who should know that Vilsack received altogether too light a sentence, when considered in the light of the term that President Ramsey of the German National is serving. Vilsack inherited largely, and his family owns a very large part, of the bank's stock, so that instead of being

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What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



The Launching of Another Naval Monster

The U. S. S. "Florida" slipping into the water at the New York Navy Yard, on May 12, in the presence of many thousand people

gests that it be called Brill's disease, after its discoverer, and under this title it is likely to make its first official bow to the world in the next editions of the text-books on practise.

Strike of the Girl Carpet Weavers

ANOTHER victorious "strike of the girls"—sturdy, intelligent New England women this time—is dramatic and significant as was the shirt-waist makers' strike. In this also the part played by the Women's Trade Union League was a factor in the victory. These carpet weavers of Boston are not young girls with the blood of the oppressed and the fire of revolution in their veins; they are free-born Americans who have worked in the Roxbury Carpet Works, ten, twenty, even forty-eight years—some of them daughters and granddaughters of toilers at the same looms. A committee of five of them aggregated one hundred and ninety-six years of service. The leader of the strike, a keen and merry Irish-American, has a married daughter. When such women, of conservative years as well as conservative traditions, rebel; when one hundred of them walk out in protest for nineteen fellow workers, taking with them the six hundred other employees of the mill; when they stay out in perfect solidarity for ten long, lean weeks, a new commentary has been made upon women and modern industry.

Tea for the Girls

THESE girls—they are "girls" to one another—still talk of the days when owner and employees were like one big family, although the "father" of the group has been dead nearly forty years. He himself invented the looms they used, and such was his pride in their achievement that the girls say: "He wanted us to make money. The more we made the better he liked it." Their community of interests is subtly suggested by the parties they used to have when the owner would run a loom while its attendant made tea for them. On such occasions his cheery, "Get back to the looms, girls, we all need the money," gave them a sense of the interdependence of his interest with theirs. "To-day," they say with some bitterness, "we might be a piece of the machine instead of human beings." To-day, the owners are distant stockholders to whom the superintendent is answerable for dividends.

Within a year two cents in the price paid to the velvet weavers have sliced off one-fourth of their earnings from the same amount of toil as formerly. Then, by rapid continuous work, a good weaver could make \$12 or \$13 a week; some made only \$7. The maximum was seldom attainable, however, for breaks

occurred frequently in the cotton, which had recently been growing poorer in quality. Each break in one of the seven hundred and eighty-four threads on her loom spells a loss of two or three minutes to the deftest weaver, precious minutes to piece workers. Not seldom one hundred breaks a day played havoc with the week's pay, reducing it occasionally to a bare \$3.50. One week the superintendent paid them for time instead of yardage, and the memory of this made it harder to revolt when the need came.

The Aged Lonely Scab

THE past year had been lean at best, for shutdowns had occurred with distressing frequency, reducing the average week's earnings of the best of them to a bare \$9.50. Depressing, indeed, was the prospect of a second cut to a widow with a growing child to support. Each morning before the summoning sound of the mill whistle at six-fifty, she must dress and feed him and turn him into the

had left too strong a sense of loyalty to the firm. "Never" would she desert them; so to avoid the persuasions of pickets she slept in the emergency room of the mill.

The other girls, too, loved the place. "You can truly say when a girl goes into that mill she marries it," testified one. The secret of its lure seems to have been the fellowship each found there, for one, who confessed to swollen ankles and jaded body at night, would not leave "because," she said feelingly, "we're such a lifey set." And the testing of them for ten weary weeks proved them so to be. Night after night they met in the rooms of the Women's Trade Union League; morning after morning they were out from four, five, and six o'clock until the mill whistle blew, telling their story to strike-breakers. Tireless with them was Mabel Gillespie, a Radcliffe graduate, now secretary of the Women's Trade Union League. The Central Labor Union and the United Textile Workers came to their aid. One man gave his job to a weak brother. An ardent leader who had left the mill after eight years at the looms to study stenography postponed her ambition until the fight was won.

Unlike the New York policeman, the Boston officials maintained peace by peace. They declared that the strikers were "perfect ladies and never broke the law." This was indeed true. They huddled in the yard of a friend, rather than risk "loitering on the streets," and only at the advent of a strike-breaking Armenian, Pole, or Greek did they sally forth to plead their cause.

Enter the Back Bay

GLOOMY was the prospect of winning, when at five-forty-five o'clock one rainy morning Mrs. Glendower Evans appeared. She is of conservative Boston's oldest stock. Back Bay picketing? This was news! Photographers and reporters swarmed. Through the intelligent action of Mrs. Evans a meeting with John Golden, the president of the United Textile Workers, was finally arranged. In him they met an able man of business who knew trade conditions thoroughly. They learned about unions from him. That they could be protected by the intervention of such a fair-minded, capable negotiator had apparently not occurred to them. Just two meetings with him sufficed to settle a strike in which for ten weeks the mill men had turned deaf ears to the mere word "union." So a group of American women had won the right to free contract, attainable to-day in large establishments only by collective bargaining. These weavers see themselves no longer as solitary struggling beings; they know themselves part of a wide world full of fellow workers with whom they are joining hands.



The Victorious Carpet Weavers

Led by "The Lady from the Back Bay" (in the center), the girl carpet weavers of the Roxbury, Mass., district have won a ten weeks' strike

streets; at noon she hastened home to prepare his meal and hers; at night she must get a third meal, and after it do the housework, wash and iron and sew. And if she earned less, were they to eat less or go cold? As for the homeless girl, whose room and meals cost \$5 a week, the getting of clothes loomed a more puzzling problem to her than ever.

Out of the mill they went, into a union. One only was renegade—a solitary, unsociable soul of sixty years, in whom the early days of family feeling

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

Senator Gallinger's Frank

THE American Protective Tariff League is, in a broad sense, probably the most effective organization for evil in the United States. (This statement will be amplified another day; for the present we reprint a portion of a circular letter sent broadcast through the United States by the League):

"DEAR SIR—At our request, United States Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire will cause to be mailed you a remarkable document which has just been issued, entitled 'Story of a Tariff.'"

This means that Senator Gallinger has promised to use his Government frank to send to the voters of the country literally thousands of copies of a book containing 482 pages and weighing one pound. (A book publisher, or any private citizen, would be compelled to pay eight cents to mail the book; if Mr. Gallinger allows the American Protective Tariff League to send out one million copies under his frank, the cost to the Government will be \$80,000.) The book, of course, is a defense of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill; the purpose of it is to influence voters in the Congressional elections this year. Naturally, it is an untruthful defense. For example, it purports to quote Senator Bacon of Georgia; concerning this alleged quotation, Senator Bacon voiced his indignation on the floor of the Senate:

"So far as that pamphlet professes to quote me, it is a gross misrepresentation . . . in which there is a studious effort to present only just so many words spoken by me as may entirely misrepresent what I really said."

Probably Senator Gallinger's scheme may miscarry; perhaps the high tariff beneficiaries may be compelled to buy a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stamps or more, for the matter has been brought up in the Senate officially, and is now being investigated.

Gallinger on the Job

TURN, now, from Gallinger prodigal to Gallinger careful of the public money. On the fifth day of May, Senator Jonathan Bourne of Oregon delivered a really great speech. It was listened to with intense interest. At its conclusion, Mr. Brown of Nebraska, reflecting the enthusiasm of a large part of the Senate, arose, and the following colloquy took place:

"MR. BROWN—Mr. President, the Senate has just listened to a most remarkable speech—remarkable in its substance and interest. . . . I think the American people should read that speech. I therefore ask that it be printed as a public document, and that 50,000 copies of it be printed."

"THE PRESIDING OFFICER—Is there objection to the request of the Senator from Nebraska?"

"MR. GALLINGER—Mr. President, I think I shall have to object to that."

"THE PRESIDING OFFICER—Objection is made."

Why? Why was Senator Gallinger alert to prevent that speech from being made available to the people, quick to keep it safely buried in the files of the Congressional Record? *Because Senator Bourne's speech was a description of Oregon's successful use of the direct primary, the naming of Senators by direct vote of the people, and the initiative and referendum and the recall—all of them innovations detestable to Senator Gallinger.* So far, with a few exceptions, the pest has not penetrated the Eastern States, and Gallinger proposes to keep the quarantine up as long as possible. Senator Gallinger's action consumes but two lines in the Congressional Record; it is an example of the vigilance and ingenuity with which, in small matters as in great, he and the group of regulars with which he is identified fight at every point the growing power of the people, and the weakening grip of the machine.

Send for This Speech

SENATOR BOURNE is a man of large wealth. The spread of knowledge about Oregon's successful innovations in popular government is close to his heart. If he is prevented from having his speech spread broadcast as a public document, doubtless he will be glad to have it distributed at his own expense. All who wish to know about a government in which the people participate more completely and effectively than elsewhere in the world should write to Senator Bourne and ask him for a copy of his speech. Concerning it, Senator Owen of Oklahoma writes us as follows:

"I wish to call your attention to Senator Bourne's speech in the Congressional Record of May 6, 1910—it is magnificent. I hope you will make it a text and hammer on the doctrine therein, which contains the remedy for the poison of 'the System' and its corrupt alliance with machine politics—the Australian Ballot, the Registration Law, the Initiative and Referendum, the Direct Primary Law, Statement No. 2, the Corrupt Practices Act, Publicity of Campaign Expenditures, the Recall."

Yours sincerely,

R. L. OWEN."

Debating societies, political organizations, or individuals interested in any of these instruments of control by the people should write Senator Bourne for a copy of his speech.

Pennsylvania's Congressmen

NEXT Saturday, June 4, come the primaries to nominate Congressmen in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania's case is easily stated: she has not one Republican member who ever on any occasion voted other than with Cannon. The State has no member who is even remotely identified with the Insurgents.

The Democrats

EVERY Democrat in the United States has a patriotic duty during the twenty-five weeks which end the 8th of next November; it is to see that men of high quality get the Democratic nomination for Congress in every district. It need occasion neither surprise nor resentment to say that the Democrats now in Congress do not measure up, in character or ability, to the average of the party in power; it is always so; a party out of power and without responsibility for seventeen years can not help but degenerate in personnel. It would be trite to point out the probability of change. The thought we have in mind is much better expressed by the Houston, Texas, "Post":

"O Lord, now that everything is coming our way, purge every Democratic soul of hot air and vainglory and insert large instalments of common sense in every Democratic cranium: and oh remember, Lord, our proneness to make fools of ourselves just when we have the world by the tail and a downhill pull, and see that we don't get in bad this time."

And, above all, see that Democratic nomination in every district goes, not to the ubiquitous party hack, but to the best man in the community.

Possible Salvation for the G. O. P.

THE Republicans can guarantee Democratic success at the Congressional elections next November by driving the Insurgents out of the party; they can save themselves by renominating all the Insurgents now in Congress, and then some. The independent vote within the Republican party can express itself by nominating Insurgents at the Republican primaries; if it fails there, it will express itself by voting for a Democrat at the election in November. The doubtful districts—the districts through which the Democrats may win control—are in many cases held by Insurgents. Norris of Nebraska, the Parliamentary leader of the Insurgents, holds his seat by a majority of twenty-two votes.

Aldrich

HALE'S retirement is genuine; probably Aldrich's is also. He could perfectly well lie low for eight months and then, when his State Legislature assembles next January, announce a change of mind and get himself reelected—such is the supineness of Rhode Island. Meantime, the announcement of his retirement would have done what, whether sincere or not, it is intended to do—make the path easier for the Aldrich Senators in other States who are seeking reelection. Probably Aldrich's retirement is sincere; it is not to be supposed that the impotent ghost of Charles the First would have enjoyed wandering about the corridors of Cromwell's Long Parliament. But it is no wonder that the Insurgent leaders should suspect the sincerity of Aldrich's move; a trick would be consistent with all they know of him. Let no false glamour clothe the departed Aldrich; his greatness consisted wholly of the fact that he was the accredited representative of organized wealth; the aggregate of all the selfishness in the United States expressed itself through this one voice; what portion of power was contained within the boundaries of his own epidermis consisted of the more furtive and tricky agencies of effectiveness.

Revolution

IT IS not merely that two powerful men are leaving the Senate—Aldrich is sixty-nine and Hale is seventy-four; time and age would soon have done their part; it is the circumstances of their going that makes the event impressive. How significant it is, the more thoughtful and far-seeing among observers can understand vaguely; only the historians who look backward will be able to see in their true value the events which are making our political revolution.

Collier's Congressional Record

COLLIER'S maintains at Washington an office which is organized and maintained to answer inquiries concerning the work of Congress and the other departments of the National Government. Address Collier's Congressional Record, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

THE HALTING Y. W. C. A.

Failure of the Present Organization to Satisfy the Needs of Working Women

By LOUISE EBERLE

OF ALL classes of working women in the United States there are, it is stated, about six million. Five hundred thousand are in New York City, and of these, one hundred and forty-six thousand are living away from their homes.

To meet the need of these women, there is an organization—the Young Woman's Christian Association—part of whose splendid aim it is to be their club, their school, their church, and even their home, in as complete a degree as possible.

This association has branches in 187 cities of the United States—"boarding homes," libraries, lecture halls, gymnasiums, social meeting places—and 872 officers in the actual work of making the association fulfil its purpose, as well as hundreds of women working in unofficial capacities for its success.

Yet the fact remains that the mention of the Y. W. C. A. elicits small enthusiasm from any class save its own religious workers. Figures show that it takes eleven years for each of the six million working women to get to one Y. W. C. A. religious service, twenty-three years to get to one of the social functions, and that but one in 513 is enrolled in a study class. Though women are supposedly more religious-minded than men, the mere casual observer can see that there is far more enthusiasm among men over the Y. M. C. A. than among women over the sister institution.

The association is not dedicated to an attempt to bring about radical changes in woman's status and sphere, but to help her on in her present status, in her present sphere; to give her within that sphere the best possible equipment for her work, the highest possible advantages within her area of activity, better ideals, and the social and home atmosphere she so needs. Roughly speaking, the six million women, for as many of whom as possible the association seeks to do this very necessary work, are divided into those in domestic service, factory workers, girls in shops, stenographers, office clerks, teachers, and the small percentage in the professions and the arts.

The Lack of Appeal

THE latter class make their own world. They do not need the Y. W. C. A. Nor does the teacher class need it, except in the case of individuals living away from home, who crave a social and home atmosphere. Hence the classes to which the Y. W. C. A. can give most are the stenographers, clerks, girls in stores, and domestics. The stenographers and clerks need good business schools to prepare them for their work, and such schools are found in most Y. W. C. A. branches. The girls in stores, factories, and domestic positions have smaller educational needs, but for those who have the desire there are evening classes in French, German, minor art and literature, while for those who wish to prepare themselves for home life there are domestic science schools offering courses in cooking, dress-making, and general domestic economy.

Now, speaking generally, the American working woman is alert, ambitious, and ready to take advantage of any stepping-stone whereby she may climb to better conditions, while those lacking such characteristics want anything that offers comfort, amusement, and relaxation. So we have on one side an association, backed by philanthropists, churches, colleges, and thousands of civic and religious-minded people, offering to meet the practical needs of working women, as well as their social desires, and on the other side the vast body of working women themselves, needing what the association offers, and ready, most of them, for improvement in equipment and condition, and, above all, ready for the social atmosphere they lose when they leave their homes.

What is the explanation? Here is the demand on one hand and the proffer of supply on the other. Why do they not meet? Why are not thousands of working women flocking to the Y. W. C. A., bringing others with their eager enthusiasm, and so compelling its continual enlargement? Why does not it make a vital stir and become a vivid factor in the lives of that huge class, the working women of America?

Because it lacks appeal, appears to be the answer.

The Y. W. C. A. has set about giving the working

women of America what they need in the way that the Y. W. C. A. regards as the correct one. But it seems not to have considered if that be the way to appeal to the six million it would benefit. Unlike the Y. M. C. A., it appears not to seek the way best calculated to interest its field. The Y. W. C. A. seems to lack the intelligent direction which makes the Y. M. C. A. so valuable and so successful.

The Interpretation of Rules

THE American working woman is fearless because she does not fear herself—does not fear that she will sink below her moral standard in the stress and duress of modern commercial life, into which she is forced. Consequently the proffer of the sort of protection that says, "Come, let us help you, else you fall," does not appeal to her. What she seeks is aid to self-government, to self-help. What the Y. W. C. A. offers is to govern her for herself. This statement may be best illustrated by a single typical instance. There is a rule in probably all branch association boarding homes that the residents shall be in by a certain hour, generally 10 p. m., which, of course, cuts out the theater and much of the social relaxation possible to the woman who works all day. However, as it affords a real protection from undesirable associates by keeping away women who do not wish to conform to the standards of respectability, it could not very well be criticized, especially as it is frequently amended by another rule giving permission to stay out later if

Dutch art. Though the lectures had to do with the subtleties of the sky-line and the use of blue tints, she supposed that the association knew its own business best, and that there was an audience there interested in such things. The lectures were given to about twenty-five working girls, who the lecturer said she knew had been drummed up at the last minute, and her embarrassment when she found this out was as great as their lack of interest in the technical details of an art unknown to them.

Now, aside from these things, there is one tremendous element in Y. W. C. A. lack of appeal which has to do with individuals, not the institution. The association must, of course, be unfortunate in some of its vast numbers of workers and officers, but some things that have happened in case after case in New York City at least should never stand a chance of repetition. An English gentlewoman came to this country several years ago, reaching New York with ten dollars in her purse. As she was young and very much bewildered, she asked at the Y. W. C. A. to be allowed to board there while looking for employment. She was asked for three city references. She explained that all she could give was a letter from a prominent Canadian family, and asked how a stranger in the country was to be expected to have three city references. She was not admitted.

That was long ago. Here is one of recent date. A young girl was coming to New York City, and wrote beforehand to be sure of admittance, sending the reference demanded by the Christian followers of that Master who bestowed freely of His good spirit on all who asked without a certificate of morals. But the association neglected to communicate with the reference in time, so that the answer did not arrive till two or three days after the girl, who was in the meantime denied admission and left to shift for herself in a strange city.

Letting the World Go by

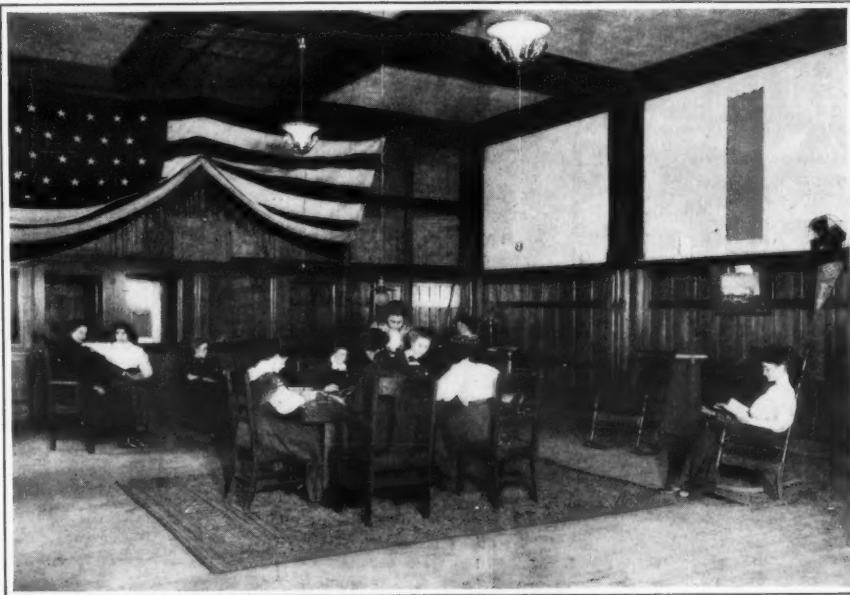
A YOUNG woman friend of mine, who looks as good as she is, went to a New York branch association when she came to this city a stranger. She gave the references required and was admitted. After a day or two there, she told the woman at the desk that an old friend of her father had written that he would call that day, at her father's request, and asked that she be notified when he arrived. "I think you have made a mistake," said the woman, "this is not a place of rendezvous." Yet a rule of the institution is that young women may receive their male friends in the public sitting-rooms. "The Y. M. C. A. is open," exclaimed one young woman. "Every man going there is assumed to be decent till he himself proves the opposite. Why should I have to prove my decency to the Y. W. C. A.?"

Girls are not innately weak creatures ready to fall unless violently restrained. And what if they did inadvertently shelter or give educational advantages to a 'bad' girl? Would that be unchristian? I've known many girls who came to New York to make their way unprotected and not one has fallen, and I resent the attitude toward women who have not the cachet of church membership."

An Irish maid put it differently when asked why she did not live at the association instead of paying more elsewhere.

"Faith, why should I live there an' be trated like I wasn't a dacint gurl?" she asked.

Those are some of the factors in the lack of appeal of the Y. W. C. A. It is standing still and letting the world go by. Yet before it paused, it did a great work. For this is its indisputable triumph, that it was the first body practically to recognize the need of self-supporting women for their own clubs, their own homes, their own hotels, and opportunities for repairing deficiencies in education. From out of its practical meeting of these needs grew the gigantic club movement that has resulted in the Federation of Women's Clubs, and institutions such as the Martha Washington Hotel, the Trowmart Inn, and so on. But these have not feared to follow lines of progress wherever they have seemed to lead. Why can not the Y. W. C. A. in the same way trust its God sufficiently to believe that He is strong enough to lead it without the aid of restrictive crutches?



The Reception Room of the Y. W. C. A. Building, New York City

notice is given beforehand. So far, good. But when, in taking advantage of that amendment, one has to give an account of where one is going and what one expects to do, as is generally demanded, protection suddenly becomes supervision, and is resented by the American woman. I personally know of a young woman boarder at a Y. W. C. A. home being asked to leave because she was seen by one of the officers on the street at the awful hour of 10 p. m. accompanied by a man! Another boarder went to dine with friends, and her hostess's husband brought her back fifteen minutes after closing time. He explained the situation to the official in charge, but it did no good. The young woman's name was dropped from the books.

The Lectures Which Are Offered

WHILE the men in the Y. M. C. A. are listening to live lectures on live topics, talks about the cities they live in, their government, the men's part in that government, and all the kindred vital topics of the day, the women in the sister association are offered lectures (I quote actual titles) on "Among the Cannibals of New Pomerania," "Japan Revisited," "A Leisurely Trip Through the British Isles," "An Evening with Abraham Lincoln," and "The Binding of Women's Feet in China." A woman writer and lecturer told me of her experience while in Chicago. She was asked to deliver three lectures she was then giving on the technique of

SINCE MAN PROPOSES

Woman is Only Left to Choose from Whatever May Straggle Her Way

IT IS no wonder that in every system of theology ever evolved a man-God is put at the head of things, and one has only to look at the advantages of mere men to believe in the masculinity of the creation and management of the world. It is no light advantage that permits a man so wide a choice in the selection of his mate. And it is no small disadvantage to be the chosen and not the chooser—to have to choose only from among those who come to you when perhaps your attractive power is of a quality quite different from your ideal and your desires. It develops all kinds of qualities and characteristics, none of which make for frankness and courage, the bone and sinew of character. To have to acquire what you need or want by the indirect method of influence and suggestion means a waste of energy and strength and the cultivation of such doubtful qualities as subtlety and secretiveness. To have to beguile instead of to achieve, to have to make your procedures matters of sentiment instead of wisdom, develops a gift for expedience rather than judgment, for sentimentalism rather than perspicacity. It is the cause of the man's saying to the woman: "You women make everything personal." And of her answer: "I don't."



She must rest content by indirectly showing him that he pleases her

Consider the Plight of Woman

THE woman who survives has to do this, and we are the daughters of many such women. It would not be surprising if the root of the marital unrest and the dissatisfaction with our present marriage system, that daily becomes more evident, were nourished by this fact, that though God dispose never so wisely, yet man proposes and so limits woman's choice to his proposition.



The more she runs after a man the faster he may run

If a man likes a woman, if she proves sufficiently attractive for him to wish to know her better, he has every opportunity to pursue the acquaintance into the boundaries of friendship, or indeed to the altar itself. All he needs is the inclination and enough of a vocabulary to ask. He can follow the lady over land and sea; he can make himself attractive to her and call her attention to the making; he can send her gifts that keep him always in her thoughts; he can call on her; he can take her out; and should he desire to be with her without the trouble of amusing her he can take her to the theater and to dinner. But a woman! Consider her plight should she meet with a man she feels she would like to know better. She can not call on him, she can not frankly say I should like to spend an hour talking to you, she can not even conspicuously call herself to his attention without declassing herself. She has to rest content with showing him in some indirect manner that he pleases her—a thing, of course, that by now women have become expert in accomplishing with reasonable delicacy—and then she has to wait his possible response. She can, perhaps, ask him if he would like to see her again, or like to call on her, but even the propriety of this is questioned. Indeed, she is apt to discover that the more she does the worse it is for her, that the more she runs after a man the faster he is likely to run away from her. If you do not believe it you have only to try it and see.

Assuming what They do not Feel

A WOMAN can be frank with a man only in rare instances, and when she is be sure it is either an unusual man or that she is an unusual woman, or both. The fatal effect of being utterly frank with a lover has been demonstrated too many times to need comment, for while men differ, even our foremost psychologist admits that all lovers are

alike. Men very rarely want to know a woman as she is. Sometimes there is not much to know, and other times the result would not pay for the trouble, and still other times they have not the time or the inclination to take the trouble. Men want to know women as they wish to have them, and women know this so well, and it is so important to them to seem to be what men want them, no matter what they really are, that it has become second nature with women to assume what they do not feel; and to hide what they do not know under a listening exterior or under a conversational embroidery that does not hesitate to venture an opinion without information or pronounce an ultimatum without facts.

If a woman could have the same liberty of choice in the acquiring of a husband as a man has in the selection of a wife, consider the change it would make in the marriage problem and in the divorce court. It by no means follows that because a man loves a woman she loves him. But he may be the only man who loves her, or he may be the only man who is eligible, or the only man her people want her to marry, or any one of a hundred onlies you can easily think of for yourself. And what then? There may be some unattainable man the woman really does love, but what can she do? Almost nothing! She is bound to choose from the men who come to her. True, she can stay single, and many women do so, and on this very account—that they never have happened to love the men who loved them. But to stay single is not a solution of the question, and it does not appeal to the majority of women. Nine times out of ten the woman locks up in her heart the ideal of a husband she has formed, or the preferences she has inherited or acquired, or the thought of the other man, and takes the man who wants to marry her, whether or not he is the man she wants to marry. If she is a woman of character she persuades herself and others that he is the man she wants to marry. She lends herself to whatever form his wooing may take. If he is blond and bearded, though she prefer dark eyes and shaven face, yet you would never guess it from word of hers. She may have assured herself every day that she will marry only a man of dignity, but she will recant when her suitor proves a clown. She may adore spontaneous merri-ness, and not only marry a straight-laced prude, but swear that it is the only kind of man she can endure.

The Key to the Situation

THIS is one of the values of a trained mind translated into terms of femininity, that it is able to convince itself even against its instincts. But is any one brave enough to say that this makes for happy marriage? Instinct and personal preference are powerful things. To like a man or a woman instinctively; to like their ways and their speech and their appearance and such of their real thoughts as you may discover, is a very great thing in this quarrelsome world and a very goodly element to have in a marriage. Men seek it. Women sacrifice it.

It is true that intimate acquaintance with another may put these things into the background, bringing into the field of appreciation the larger things of character and mentality and adaptation, but how seldom does a woman become intimately acquainted with a man before marriage or, for that matter, after marriage? You can not know another intimately when the truth is not between you, and women have small chance to know men for the same reason that their choice of men is limited. Let no man who has chosen a woman be sure that she has chosen him. A woman may scarcely choose even the theater to which she will go with a man unless he permits her to do so.

Of course the key to the situation lies in the fact that it is usually the man who is able to support the woman. A man may say

to a woman with propriety: "May I undertake your support for the rest of your life? It would please me to do so."

But a woman can not say to a man: "Will you support me?" This is the real reason a woman may not propose to a man. If she is rich, or if she is even moderately independent, there is no reason why a woman may not call to a man's attention the advantages of an alliance with her, including her affection for him; but even here custom steps in to deprive her of courage to take so radical a step and to prejudice her in the eyes of most men if she does.

The resources of a woman lie only in making herself attractive. A man does not really have to do so unless he is courting a woman desired of other men. In this case the woman has some choice, and the effect on her and on the man is at once observable. The man is bound to take more pains and more



Misunderstandings built into a wall by succeeding generations

trouble, and a woman may consider with greater accuracy the requirements of her own individuality. With the matter as it now stands a woman is perfectly justified in permitting the attentions of as many men as she can attract and as many as she wishes to be attractive to, for this is her only way to have some choice in the determining factor of her life.

It is no wonder that women devote so much time to the merely superficial things that increase their surface attractiveness—the accomplishments and the graces—sheen of hair and color of skin and pleasantness

of acquiescence. It is no wonder that they cultivate the ability to display whatever of mental attainments they may possess, and pursue the attainments that have a decorative value rather than the culture that is broad or the study that is deep.

In this day that has seen so much thrown open to women, you will hear every day that it is better to send your daughter to a finishing school and have her taught how to enter a room well, and how to talk French to the ambassador, and how to sing prettily to a man what she can not say to him, than to send her to a college where she will perhaps be taught to think a little and to study some.

The divorce laws are a harassment to many of the thoughtful of the land, who much prefer to blame the law that tries to mend than the ancient institution with so many weak spots likely to break under strain. Some of the trouble of modern marriage would not occur if a woman had as wide a choice as a man, and if she would defer her choosing until her preferences were decided and her requirements taken account of. Scandal and intrigue are ugly words, but who can say when they may rise on his own horizon? But the chance of such a contingency would be immensely lessened if women had as square a deal in this matter as men have. To be able to make her preference known, not only to the man in question, but to anybody else interested, as a man does when he goes a-wooing—to be able to do this without losing caste—would greatly alter marriage for woman. It would also strike out of her life the necessity, usually denied and concealed, but nevertheless there, of attracting a man to her by indirect means, by showiness and meretriciousness.

The Creation of Sex Strife

THE result of the present system is to make men outspoken and self-sacrificing, and this is the reason for a thousand misunderstandings that, built up into a wall by succeeding generations, have kept women from understanding men and men from knowing women, to the increase of marital infelicity and family uncongeniality, and to the creation of that artificial thing on which is based much unhappiness—sex strife.



She can not call on him—nor call herself to his attention without declassing herself

THE EXCITING LIFE

Animating a Cow, in Some Respects, Has a Political Parallel

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

"S POTTIS," said Old Daniel, "if I was President of these here United States—"

"If you was what?" asked S. Potts, looking at the old man in amazement. "What's that you say you wisht you was?"

"President," said Old Daniel. "This here job as gateman on this railroad is about the dumbdest slow job—"

"I s'pose," said S. Potts scornfully, "that you'd like more excitement, Daniel? You ain't satisfied to be comfortable and well off. What you want is excitement! How many bears have you shot in your life, Daniel?"

"Bears?" asked Daniel. "I ain't ever shot no bears, S. Potts."

"All right!" said S. Potts. "Then how many lions and hyenas and crocodiles and elephants, and rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses have you shot? How many trees have you chopped down? You ain't killed any, and you ain't chopped any! And you want to be President! You don't know what it means to be President, Daniel. To be President means that some day you've got to be ex-President, and then you've got to shoot all them wild animals, and more. And what do you know about pigeon-toed, cross-bill cuckoos? And about John Paul Jones? And about 'Is Mars Inhabited, And If So, Do The Inhabitants Send Out Their Washing Or Have It Done In The House?' What do you know about them things, Daniel?"

"Why, S. Potts, I don't know nothing about them things—"

"There you go!" said S. Potts. "And if you were President you would have to know all about them things, and make speeches about them, and write books about them. A President has to be ready to write and speech about everything in the world; it may be peanuts to-day and Peru to-morrow, and pelicans day after to-morrow. Being President is just a little too strenuous for a man of your gentle disposition, Daniel. You ain't fat enough to stand it. You don't know what an exciting job a President has."

"If I was President, S. Potts," said Old Daniel, "I wouldn't do all them things. I'd hire somebody to do them for me. I'd just play around at that golf game and boss Congress—"

"What's that?" asked S. Potts, as if he did not just catch what Old Daniel had said.

"Boss Congress," repeated Old Daniel. "Just sort of tell Congress what I wanted done, and see that it was did—"

"You would, hey?" asked S. Potts. "That's all you'd do, is it? Sort of mild stimulation for the blood, hey? You'd walk into the Halls of Congress every morning after breakfast and tell Congress what you wanted done, and then you'd go out and spend the day putterin' around the golf links, wouldn't you? Ever see Congress, Daniel?"

"Well, I ain't exactly seen it," said Old Daniel apologetically. "Not to say seen it. But I got a sort of idea what it is, S. Potts."

"Huh!" said S. Potts. "Did I ever tell you about Mayo Griggs, Daniel?"

"I don't just recall—" began Old Daniel.

"Mayo Griggs," said S. Potts, "was just about such another as you are, Daniel. He kept a cow, and he could go up to that cow and push her and shove her, and all she'd do was to move over a step and go on eating grass. He could call her any name that happened to come into his mind, and she would go right along storing up milk in the way a cow does."

"That's what a cow ought to do," said Old Daniel.

"That's right," said S. Potts. "That's what a cow ought to do. A cow ought to be as placid as a warm pie, and go right ahead tending to business, and that's what she does. And that's what a man ought to do, and what a man does, until he gets to be in Congress. Being in Congress is like putting red spectacles on a cow. As soon as a man gets into Congress he pu's on red spectacles and sees blood,

and as soon as you put red spectacles on a cow she rips up and acts like fury."

"And what's the President got to do with it all?" asked Old Daniel.

"He's the man that owns the cow," said S. Potts. "And any man that would choose to be President is as big a fool, to my notion, as Mayo Griggs was when he fastened red spectacles on his cow just to stir up a little excitement."

"Now, I'd call that a fool notion," said Old Daniel.

"YOU think you would," said S. Potts coldly, "but you wouldn't. If you had a cow you would probably do just what Mayo Griggs did. He used to drive that old cow to pasture and back, morning and evening, and it was the tamest job a man ever had. There wasn't no excitement to it. It was just walk, walk, walk. Nothing like being a lion tamer, for example. It didn't take no skill. A child could have done it as well as Mayo, but Mayo didn't have no child, so he made up his mind he would make a man's job of it, and that was when he thought of red spectacles."

"Mayo figured that if that cow had been a bull, and a pretty mad bull, he would have had an opportunity to show off his skill, but she wasn't a bull, she was a cow, and the best thing Mayo could think of was red spectacles. He figured that if he tied red spectacles onto that cow she would be a little more lively than she was by nature, and might take an interest in life, and give him a little excitement."

"She did! She sure did, Daniel! She come right up to his expectations. Mayo got the red spectacles made at the harness shop, and the harness-shop man naturally told a few other folks about them, and they told a few others, and when Mayo called for them spectacles he had quite a procession to foller him out to the cow pasture. There was the mayor

hastened up after him. He made eight laps around that pasture amid cheers, and he felt mighty proud of it, for the mayor was one of the foremost of the cheerers, and Mayo had never been cheered by the mayor and city council before."

"That cow, when she saw Mayo was acting in such an unfriendly way, became provoked at Mayo, like any cow would. She had started after him as one friend after another, but the way he avoided her made her mad, and she forgot the long friendliness that she had held toward him. About the sixth lap the only thing she thought of was that she wanted to catch Mayo. At the seventh lap she could not remember what she wanted to catch Mayo for, but she began to have an idea it was for no good purpose, and at the eighth lap she did not care whether it was Mayo or not. She stopped long enough to whet her horns on the fence, and then she doubled her speed and went after him. The jump Mayo made over that pasture fence was one of the grandest things ever seen by man."

"For a moment the cow seemed surprised. She had thought she had Mayo, and she was disappointed. Then she let her cow-nature assume its normal control and she looked for some grass to eat, but when she looked down there was no good-looking green grass. It all looked brown. It made her think that Mayo had tampered with the green grass, as you might say. Then she lifted up her head and looked at the sky, and the sky was purple, and she was mad at that. Whichever way she looked things looked wrong, and she blamed Mayo for it. She felt the way toward Mayo that Congress feels when its quiet River-and-Harbor-Bill appropriation mood is interrupted by a message on postal savings banks or Federal trust incorporation, and she wished she could get a whack at Mayo, and no favors asked. And, just to let folks know how she felt, she began plowing furrows in the ground with her horns, and crying aloud with anger."

"Then Mayo said he guessed he had had enough excitement for that day, and he thought he would go on home. That sounded all right, but others thought otherwise. They pointed out to Mayo that there was a Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society in that town, and they said it did not matter to them whether Mayo left the cow in the pasture or not, but that the cow had to be milked. They said the cow had prepared to be milked and that it would be painful to the cow not to be milked, and that they would stay right there until Mayo milked the cow. Milking that cow was part of Mayo's business, they said, and they would not desert him until it was done. They were quite eager about it."

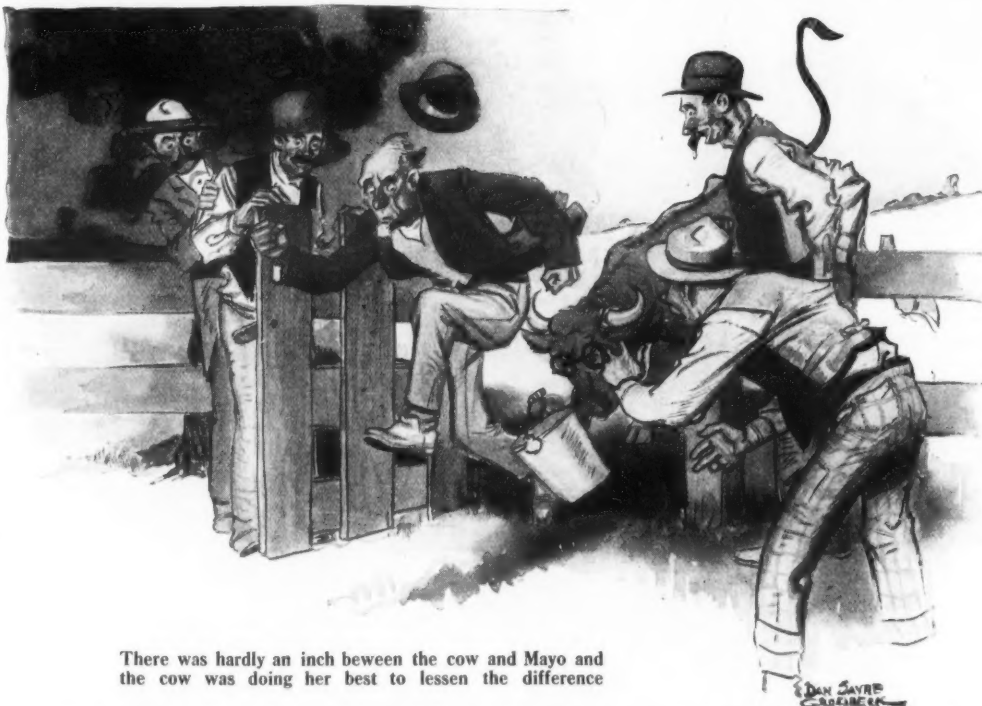
"Mayo sort of hung back. But the citizens assured Mayo that now was the time to milk, and they opened the pasture gate and pushed Mayo in."

"Instantly he came out again, and the cow came with him. There was hardly an inch between the cow and Mayo. It was a fine race and a close one, and in half a mile the cow had cut Mayo's lead down to half an inch, and was just getting ready to make a supreme effort and finish him up, when the red spectacles came loose and fell to the ground."

"Mayo was still running, but the cow stopped short and looked around with a puzzled expression, and then hung her head as if to say: 'Well, you have been an old fool, sure enough!' She gazed after Mayo and wondered what he was running for, and what in tunket she had ever been running for, herself. She couldn't see anything the matter with the sky or the grass, and she decided she must have had an attack of insanity, such as Congress gets from time to time when a President puts red spectacles on it."

"Well, of course," said Old Daniel, "if I was President I wouldn't go and fasten red spectacles on Congress."

"If you was President," said S. Potts, "you wouldn't have to. The newspapers would do it for you."



There was hardly an inch between the cow and Mayo and the cow was doing her best to lessen the difference

and the city council and the rest of the town, and they lined up on one side of the fence, and watched Mayo go into the pasture."

"HE WALKED right up to the cow, and tied them red spectacles over her eyes. He began to have excitement right away. The old cow lifted up one foot and tried to wipe them spectacles off with it, and then she lifted up another, and then she tried her hind feet, but she couldn't reach them spectacles. So she considered for a minute, and then she sat down with great care and tried to bite them off, but one of the hardest things in the world for a cow to do is to bite anything off her own head. Mayo was standing there laughing fit to die, when, suddenly the cow saw him and recognized him as an old friend. He looked funny to her, but she knew him, and she rose up and started for Mayo, blating out at him in a sad, eager voice. She started on a lope, but Mayo hurried away, and she

DEEP WATERS



"Well, here we are," he said, flicking breezily at George's leg with his cane

The Dramatist Who is Called Upon to Play a Thinking-Part

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

HISTORIANS of the social life of the later Roman Empire speak of a certain young man of Ariminum who would jump into rivers and swim in 'em. When his friends said: "You fish!" he would answer: "Oh, pish! Fish can't swim like me. They've no vim in 'em."

Just such another was George Barnert Callender. On land, in his land clothes, George was a young man who excited little remark. He looked very much like other young men. He was much about the ordinary height. His carriage suggested the possession of an ordinary amount of physical strength. And his forehead struck the happy mean between Bostonian height and Broome Street invisibility. Such was George—on shore. But remove his clothes, drape him in a bathing-suit, and insert him in the water, and instantly, like the gentleman in "The Tempest," he "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." Other men puffed, snorted, and splashed. George passed through the ocean with the silent dignity of a torpedo. Other men swallowed water, here a mouthful, there a pint, anon, maybe, a quart or so, and returned to the shore like foundering derelicts. George's mouth had all the exclusiveness of a fashionable club. His breast-stroke was a thing to see and wonder at. When he did the crawl, strong men gasped. When he swam on his back, you felt that that was the only possible method of progression.

George came to Ocean City at about five o'clock one evening in July. Ocean City has a well-established reputation as a summer resort, and, while not perhaps in every respect the Paradise which the excitable writer of the local guide-book asserts it to be, on the whole it earns its reputation. Its sands are smooth and firm, sloping almost imperceptibly into the ocean. There is surf for those who like it, and smooth water beyond for those whose ideals in bathing are confined to jumping up and down on a given jellyfish. At the northern end of the beach there is a long pier. It was to this that George made his way on his arrival.

It was pleasant on the pier. Once you had passed the initial zarefa of fruit stands, souvenir stands, ice-cream stands, and the lair of the enthusiast whose aim in life it was to sell you picture postcards, and had won through to the long walk where the seats were, you were practically alone with Nature. At this hour of the day the place was deserted: George had it to himself. He strolled slowly along. The water glittered under the sun rays, breaking into a flurry of white foam as it reached the beach. A cool breeze blew. The whole scenic arrangements were a great improvement on the stuffy city he had left. Not that George had come to Ocean City with the single aim of finding an antidote to metropolitan stuffiness. There was a more important reason. In three days Ocean City was to be the scene of the production of "Fate's Footballs," a comedy in four acts by G. Barnert Callender. For George, though you would not have suspected it from his exterior, was one of those in whose cerebra the gray matter splashes restlessly about, producing strong curtains and crisp dialogue. The company was due at Ocean

City on the following evening for the last spasm of rehearsals.

George's mind, as he paced the pier, was divided between the beauties of Nature and the forthcoming crisis in his affairs in the ratio of one-eighth to the former and seven-eighths to the latter. At the moment when he had left New York, thoroughly disgusted with the entire theatrical world in general and the company which was rehearsing "Fate's Footballs" in particular, rehearsals had just reached that stage of brisk delirium when the author toys with his bottle of poison and the stage-manager becomes icily polite. The "Pigskins," as Arthur Mifflin, the leading juvenile in the great play, insisted on calling it, much to George's disapproval, was his first piece. Never before had he been in one of those kitchens where many cooks prepare, and sometimes spoil, the theatrical broth. Consequently, the chaos seemed to him unique. Had he been a more experienced dramatist he would have said to himself, "'Twas ever thus." As it was, what he said to himself, and others, was more forcible.

HE WAS trying to dismiss the whole thing from his mind, a feat which had hitherto proved beyond his powers, when Fate, in an unusually kindly mood, enabled him to do so in a flash by presenting to his jaundiced gaze what, on consideration, he decided was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. When a man's afraid, shrewdly sings the bard, a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see. In the present instance, the sight acted on George like a tonic. He forgot that the lady to whom an injudicious management had assigned the rôle of heroine in "Fate's Footballs" invariably—no doubt from the best motives—omitted to give the cynical roué his cue for the big speech in act three. His mind no longer dwelt on the fact that Arthur Mifflin, an estimable person in private life and one who had been a friend of his at college, preferred to deliver the impassioned lines of the great renunciation scene in a manner suggesting a small boy (and a sufferer from nasal catarrh at that) speaking a piece in the parlor. The recollection of the hideous depression and gloom which the leading comedian had radiated in great clouds flew from him like some grisly nightmare before the goddess of day. Every cell in his brain was occupied to the exclusion of all other thoughts by the girl swimming in the water below.

She swam well. His practised eye saw that. Her strong, easy strokes carried her swiftly over the swell of the waves. He stared, transfixed. He was a well brought-up young man, and he knew how ill-bred it was to stare; but this was a special occasion. Ordinary rules of conventional etiquette could not apply to a case like this. He stared. More, he gaped. As the girl passed on into the shadow of the pier, he leaned further over the rail, and his neck extended in joints like a telescope.

At this point the girl turned to swim on her back.

Her eyes met his. Hers were deep and clear, his bulging. For what seemed an eternity to George, she continued to look at him. Then, turning over again, she shot past under the pier.

George's neck was now at its full stretch. No power of will or muscle could add another yard to it. Realizing this, he leaned further over the rail, and further still. His hat slid from his head. He grabbed at it, and, overbalancing, fell with a splash into the water.

Now, in ordinary circumstances, to fall twelve feet into the ocean with all his clothes on would have inconvenienced George little. He would hardly have noticed it. He would have swum to shore with merely a feeling of amused self-reproach akin to that of the man who absent-mindedly walks into a lamp-post on the street. When, therefore, he came to the surface, he prepared without agitation to strike out in his usual bold fashion. At this moment, however, two hands, grasping him beneath his arms, lifted his head still farther from the waves, and a voice in his ear said: "Keep still. Don't struggle. There's no danger."

George did not struggle. His brain, working with the cool rapidity of a buzz-saw in an ice-box, had planned a line of action. Few things are more difficult in this world for a young man than the securing of an introduction to the right girl under just the right conditions. When he is looking his best, he is presented to her in the midst of a crowd and is swept away after a rapid handshake. When there is no crowd, he has toothache, or the sun has just begun to make his nose peel. Thousands of young lives have been saddened in this manner.

How different was George's case. By this simple accident, he reflected, as, helping the good work along with an occasional surreptitious leg-stroke, he was towed shoreward, there had been formed an acquaintanceship, if nothing more, which could not lightly be broken. A girl who has saved a man from drowning can not pass him by next day with a formal bow. And what a girl, too! There had been a time, in extreme youth, when his feminine ideal was the sort of girl who has fuzzy golden hair and drops things. Indeed, in his first year at college, he had said—and written—as much to one of the type, the episode concluding with a strong little drama in which a wrathful, check-signing father had starred, supported by a subdued, misogynistic son. Which things, aided by the march of time, had turned George's tastes toward the healthy, open-air girl who did things instead of dropping them.

The pleasantest functions must come to an end sooner or later; and in due season George felt his heels grate on the sand. His preserver loosed her hold. They stood up and faced each other. George began to express his gratitude as best he could—it was not easy to find neat, convincing sentences on the spur of the moment—but she cut him short.

"Of course, it was nothing. Nothing at all," she said, brushing the sea water from her eyes. "It was just lucky I happened to be there."

"It was splendid," said the infatuated dramatist. "It was magnificent. It—"

He saw that she was smiling.
 "You're very wet," she said.
 George glanced down at his soaked clothes. It had been a nice suit once.
 "Hadh't you better hurry back and change into something dry?"

LOOKING round about him, George perceived that sundry of the inquisitive were swooping down with speculation in their eyes. It was time to depart.

"Have you far to go?"
 "Not far. I'm staying at the Beach View Hotel."
 "Why, so am I. I hope we shall meet again."
 "We shall," said George confidently.
 "How did you happen to fall in?"
 "I was—er—I was looking at something in the water."

"I thought you were," said the girl quietly.
 George blushed. "I know," he said, "it was abominably rude of me to stare like that, but—"

"You should learn to swim," interrupted the girl.
 "I can't understand why every boy in the country isn't made to learn to swim before he's ten years old. And it isn't a bit difficult, really. I could teach you in a week."

The struggle between George and George's conscience was brief. The conscience, weak by nature and flabby from long want of exercise, had no sort of chance from the start.

"I wish you would," said George. And with those words he realized that he had definitely committed himself. Till that moment explanation would have been difficult, but possible. Now it was impossible.

"I will," said the girl. "I'll start to-morrow, if you like."

She waded into the water.

"We'll talk it over at the hotel," she said hastily.
 "Here comes a crowd of horrid people. I'm going to swim out again."

She hurried into deeper water, while George turning, made his way through a growing throng of goggling spectators. Of the fifteen who got within speaking distance of him, six told him that he was wet. The other nine asked him if he had fallen in.

HER name was Vaughan, and she was visiting Ocean City in company with an aunt. So much George ascertained from the management of the hotel. Later, after dinner, meeting both ladies on the board-walk, he gleaned further information—to wit, that her first name was Mary, that her aunt was glad to make his acquaintance, liked

Ocean City, but preferred Trouville, and thought it was getting a little chilly and would go indoors.

The elimination of the third factor had a restorative effect upon George's conversation, which had begun to languish. In feminine society, as a rule, he was apt to be constrained, but with Mary Vaughan it was different. Within a couple of minutes he was pouring out his troubles. The cue-withholding leading woman, the stick-like Mifflin, the funereal comedian—up they all came; and she, gently sympathetic, was endeavoring, not without success, to prove to him that things were not as bad as they seemed.

"It's sure to be all right on the night," she said.
 How rare is the combination of beauty and intelligence! George thought he had never heard such a clear-headed, well-expressed remark.

"I suppose it will," he said. "But they were mighty bad when I left. Mifflin, for instance. He seems to think Nature intended him for a press-agent. He has a bee in his bonnet about booming the piece. Sits up at nights, when he ought to be sleeping or studying his part, thinking out new schemes for advertising the show. And the comedian. His specialty is drawing me aside and asking me to write in new scenes for him. I couldn't stand for it any longer. I just came away and left them to fight it out among themselves."

"I'm sure you have no need to worry. A play with such a good story is certain to succeed."

George had previously obliged with a brief description of the plot of the "Pigskins."

"Did you like the story?" he said, tenderly.
 "I thought it was fine."

"How sympathetic you are," cooed George, edging a little closer. "Do you know—"

"Shall we be going back to the hotel?" said the girl.

Those noisome creatures, the hired murderers of "Fate's Footballs," descended upon Ocean City early next afternoon; and George, meeting them at the station, in reluctant pursuance of a promise given to Arthur Mifflin, felt moodily that if only they could make their acting one-half as full of color as their clothes, the play would be one of the most pronounced successes of modern times. In the forefront gleamed, like the white plumes of Navarre, the light flannel suit of Arthur Mifflin, the woodenest juvenile in captivity.

His woodenness was, however, confined to stage rehearsals. It may be mentioned that, once the run

"I saw you," said George, coldly, side-stepping.
 "The whole team," continued Mr. Mifflin. "All bright, sassy, and trained to the minute. By the way, the center-rush wants you to write in a new scene for him in the second act."

It was Mr. Mifflin's whim to speak of the "Fate's Footballs" company as a football team. The center-rush was the comedian, and George had never denied the appropriateness of the name.

HE SAID once again what he thought of the center-rush. "What happened after I left?" he asked. "Has anybody begun to act yet? Or are they waiting till the dress rehearsal?"

"The rehearsals," admitted Mr. Mifflin handsomely, "weren't perfect; but you wait. It'll be all right on the night."

George thought he had never heard such a vapid, futile remark.

"Besides," said Mr. Mifflin, "I have an idea which will make the show. Lend me your ear. Both ears. You shall have them back. Tell me what pulls people into a theater? A good play? Sometimes. But failing that, as in the present case, what? Fine acting by the leading juvenile? We have that, but it is not enough. No, my boy, advertisement is the dope. Look at all these men on the beach. Are they



of a piece had begun, he was sufficiently volatile. And in private life he was almost excessively so, a fact which had been noted at an early date by the keen-eyed faculty of his university, the discovery leading to his tearing himself away from Alma Mater by request with some suddenness. He was a long, slender youth with green eyes, jet-black hair, and a passionate fondness for the sound of his own voice.

"Well, here we are," he said, flicking breezily at George's leg with his cane.

going to roll in of their own free wills to see a play like the 'Pigskins'? Not on your life. About the time the curtain rises every man of them will be sitting in his own private corner of the beach—"

"How many corners do you think the beach has?"
 "Gazing into a girl's eyes, saying 'Shine on, thou harvest moon,' and telling her how his boss is practically dependent on his advice. You know."

"I don't," said George coldly.

"Unless," proceeded Mr. Mifflin, "we advertise. And by advertise I mean advertise in the right way. We have a press-agent, but for all the good he does he might be in Oshkosh, gathering in the hay. Luckily for us I am among those present. I have brains. I have resource. What's that?"

"I said nothing."

"I thought you did. Well, I have an idea which

The inquisitive were swooping down with speculation in their eyes

(Continued on page 20)

KOENIG'S DISCOVERY

It is the Law in the Primitive Man's Country That to Have Means to Hold

By J. M. OSKISON

WHEN Koenig came over the mountains in September, the ugly word concerning Doña Koenig was dropped into his ears. Koenig had first seen Palos two years before, through the dust of a freight outfit that was crawling across the desert to Santa Fe. He had driven the third wagon from the lead. It had been a stiff pull across the Taos Mountains, and when the train arrived at Palos there was some blacksmithing to be done. As the town stood then—that was in the forties—so it stands to-day. A wide, cool plaza, a looming church, and a group of dignified, one-storied, wide-porticoed adobe dwellings grouped around the plaza. Koenig and his best friend, Schaefer, another driver, fresh from the desert rawness of Kansas and Colorado, were smitten pleasantly with the first sight of the town. Here all at once they entered a ripe civilization. They fingered huge old gate-posts, bleached, rotting, and nodding. They looked with wonder upon houses so old that they sagged. And they both discovered Rachel Garcia.

To them, blond and vigorous and young, moved by the adventurer's and romancer's spirit, black-eyed, flashing Rachel became the instant lure. With them they had brought the traditions of chivalry—its tests, its high fine spirit, its White Knight attitude toward women. Both fell quick whims to her smiles. On the way to Santa Fe both reflected on the beauty and general attractiveness of Palos, and when the wagons were driven into the freight-yard both left the train and cut back for the little town.

KOENIG arrived first and went boldly to ask for a lodging with Don Enriquez Garcia, Rachel's father. Schaefer was on hand a week later, but as a rival to his friend he was three days behind time.

Don Enriquez kept no strict account of his daughter's actions, and Heinrich Koenig had been an ardent wooer. Schaefer congratulated his friend and promised himself the next most beautiful girl in Palos.

To tide over the time when he should find his beauty, Schaefer hired himself out to Don Enriquez as manager of a part of the Garcia family's widely extended sheep interests. Koenig, it was understood, was to marry Rachel and become head of all the old Don's big organization. It was not to be foreseen that Schaefer would prove a good business man, or that Koenig should be a flat failure. Though Koenig married Rachel, it was Schaefer whom Don Enriquez made overseer. The old Spaniard intimated to his son-in-law that there was no permanent place in Palos for an incompetent. The end of that quarrel was that Koenig went back to his old job in the freight outfit, and six months after his marriage left Doña Koenig to wait and pine for his rare visits as the wagons came screeching down the mountains or rattling up from Santa Fe. Three trips he had made and quite a year had gone past when, as he came into town, Pedro, the wine merchant, whispered the word he judged ought to be said. Koenig had pried from Pedro many of the details, and now, out in the plaza under the stars, he was going to settle the matter with Rachel.

He began, speaking slowly, and coming round to the subject in an unfamiliar, round-about way.

"Summer is over, Rachel; that is true." He said this as if feeling for any kind of word to break the silence. Darkness had settled down and the air was chill.

Doña Rachel crowded close to the side of her husband, shivering, but the movement was forced and studied.

"Don Heinrich, I am cold; hold me close."

Perfunctorily and, considering his old ardor, with an absurd stiffness he took her in his arms.

"Yes, Rachel, summer is finished. It is time now for the chill. I have not yet told you, but I go no more to Santa Fe and Leavenworth. Little girl, I go no more away from you. No more, ever."

"For me, that will be nice—I am glad."

The lie came promptly, but there was no gladness in her voice.

"That is quite right, Rachel; we must both be glad."

Koenig's voice was even. There followed a long pause. At last Rachel ventured:

"I have been very lonely." She looked up at her husband as if she would read the stolid, dimly lit face above her shoulder.

"Yes, of course," he answered. "On my way to

"Yes, I will work with the sheep; this time I will take charge."

Under the clear starlight, in the cool plaza, they stood for a long time. Then the door of Pedro's wine-shop opened and they saw Schaefer come out. Koenig pointed: "I must see Fritz—about the sheep. Good night, Rachel. Do not wait for me." He strode away, leaving his wife staring, wondering. He turned before he had gone twenty steps and called out evenly: "Do not wait, Rachel—it is colder," and she could do nothing except to grope back to her father's house and to bed, shivering. A very long time she lay wide awake. Terrible pictures, cluttered with detail, rose up to beat against her eyelids. They were all copies of what her imagination told her would happen when Heinrich and Fritz came together—if Heinrich knew. But did he know? There were moments of hope. Perhaps his coolness out there in the plaza was only a reflection of her own heart indifference. While the pictures came Rachel was desperately unhappy, but at last they grew dim, and her final thought was, before she fell asleep, that whatever happened, surely Heinrich would not kill her, and Fritz should be able to take care of himself.

IT WAS at the moment when Schaefer was turning into the courtyard of the house where he lived that Koenig came up to him. He put his hand on Fritz's shoulder and spoke close to his ear. "Fritz, you were as my brother—once. Now you have betrayed me. It is necessary to talk about this matter—but not here."

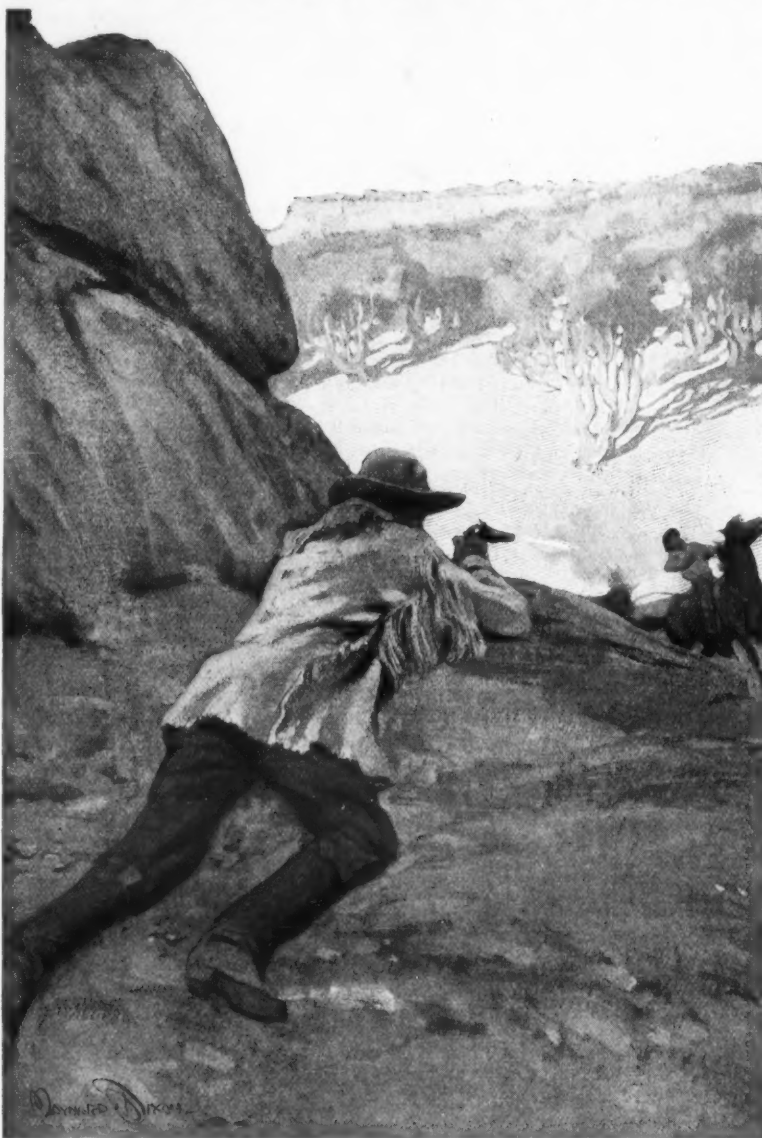
"Yes, I have expected you—damn you!" but as he turned, a knife flashing in his hand, he saw Koenig's pistol leveled at his stomach.

"One little shot, Fritz, and you are dead. Better walk on—away from the town." Koenig pointed out toward where the road to Indian Palos ran past the big gateway. "Yes, out there—that's the idea."

Schaefer flung the knife aside and marched. Out of the gate, past the adobe church and the old graveyard, out on the rutted road the two silent figures stepped. Without any further words they went until the last house belonging to Palos had been passed and all the dogs were quiet. Then Koenig called a halt. "You will go on from here, Fritz, and in this world never come back to Palos. We have been too good friends for me to kill you, as one ought to do in this hard country, and besides, it was wrong of me to leave Rachel. Well, good-by, Fritz, now walk on—clear away."

"Good-by, Heinrich." Schaefer flung the crisp farewell and moved on. Koenig turned back toward Palos, walking briskly until he could no longer hear the other man's footsteps. Then, suddenly, he turned and began to run back over the road in pursuit of Schaefer. He left the main road after a time, and, crouching, sped quietly across the mesa and dropped into an arroyo. From his hiding-place he could watch Schaefer pass—a lagging figure outlined against the sky, and when Schaefer was out of sight Koenig took another short cut. So it went all night—one shadowing the other. Sometimes Schaefer stopped, debated with himself, snatched off his hat, stamped his foot, turned back upon his tracks, started briskly back toward Palos, and, pulling up, resumed his retreat. It was just at daybreak that Schaefer entered the Indian village, ten miles from Palos. Koenig went back to his wife.

There is more to going away forever than a resolve. From Palos the road stretched south sixty miles to Santa Fe. North, ten miles, was Indian Palos; then the mountains barred the way, crossed only by the narrow freight-wagon trail. Schaefer knew that in a few days that way out, seventy-five miles of unpeopled wild passes and high valleys, would be blocked with snow. Still he lingered in the Indian village, an unwelcome guest of old Anselmo. The trouble was, he reflected, that Koenig had driven him in the wrong direction. Had they marched



"Koenig had marked the spot . . . and there was no hitch"

Palos this time I have thought much of you and I have decided that it is not good to leave you." Still he used the flat, uncolored tone.

To Rachel the situation was becoming intolerable. Did he know? What did he know? What would happen to Fritz Schaefer? These and fifty other questions crowded up to her lips, but not so much as by an inflection did she dare to probe.

"Soon," she said, "there will be snow up there on the mountains. Was it not cold as you crossed? Did you sleep warm the night you spent at Taos? Were the streams all frozen up as you came by?" These were the questions that she actually framed. Talking about the mountains, Doña Rachel lifted her shawl to point, drawing away from her husband casually as she did so.

HENRICH answered with grotesque literalness: "It was not warm—that is the truth."

Another silence and then:

"I must talk with Don Enriquez about the sheep to-morrow."

"Of course you will work with the sheep once more. Shall you like it now?"

south that night, by now he would be in Santa Fe. Probably Koenig had meant to drive him into the mountains to die. Well, he wouldn't go.

But something must be done. One day old Anselmo's boy gravely told Schaefer that Señor Koenig had said that ten miles from Palos was not a long way and would Señor Schaefer please go away—far away?

What the fugitive decided to do was bold, but unwise. If he must go, why not have it out with Koenig, and, to settle the tangle, take Doña Rachel with him to Santa Fe and then out of New Mexico forever?

ANSELMO'S boy could have shown him the unwisdom of that plan—only, he failed to ask questions. The boy knew that every day Koenig went up on a hill that commanded the road between Palos and the Indian village, and that every night he lay close to Anselmo's adobe, watching for Schaefer to come out and start back. And the night Schaefer actually started back toward Palos, turning up his collar against the keen north wind, Koenig watched him go. Koenig had not yet wrapped himself in his sheepskins.

There was no uncertainty in Schaefer's walk—he drove directly ahead. Koenig was grateful that only he knew the short cuts. It was not yet

midnight when the outcast walked into Palos. Once in the plaza, Schaefer stopped for a while. Koenig watched from the black shadow of the church. Up and down, for five minutes, Schaefer paced, and



The march was resumed, but this time it was Koenig who led

then he went straight to the passage that led past Don Enriquez Garcia's patioed old adobe to the stable at the back. Koenig, following cautiously, heard Schaefer unlock the big gate of the corral and then open the door of the stable. In ten minutes the man reappeared, leading two horses. These he brought out and hitched in the plaza.

Schaefer was moving with decision, swift and soft-footed. Koenig climbed to the dirt roof of the house to watch. He saw the intruder pile straw and odd pieces of wood at the corner of the stable, then draw from its holster the big army pistol he carried and lay it beside the big gate-post—in the shadow. Now the plan was clear: the fire would be started, a shout would cut the dead silence, men would come hurrying, shots would be fired by way of alarm, and, Schaefer believed, Koenig would be first to rush out. As he came through the gate, Schaefer would kill him, drag his body into the stable, and, while the men of Palos were fighting the flames, Schaefer would leave, with Doña Rachel, for Santa Fe.

"IT IS a good plan, my friend," breathed Koenig as he dropped from the roof. "Only, it won't do this time." And before Schaefer could apply the match, Koenig was inside the stable yard. As

he entered he picked up Schaefer's pistol. "Fritz!" Koenig had waited until the match was in Schaefer's hand before speaking. At the word, motion became a rigid silence, one man waiting, cornered, for the flash of a hope of getting away, the other for a movement of resistance.

Doña Rachel, wakened half by a vague stirring of

(Continued on page 31)

WOMAN TO-DAY

News of Her Activities—Domestic, Political, and Intellectual

The women of America know what they want. It is the aim of this Department to give them what they want—news that concerns their interests, from college to crocheting, from saucepans to suffrage. That there may be a better understanding between readers and editors, we ask you to write to us—tell us what you would like to see discussed in "Woman To-Day." Perhaps you, the home-makers, know more than any one else knows about the problem of the Cost of Living. Have any of you solved your individual problem? Can you help any one else solve hers? Does the secret lie in a rechauffé, in a return to Grecian garb, in an automatic Bridget? Let us hear from you.

THE college girl is developing into a formidable problem. Eccentric in the first generation, studious and rather colorless in the second, in the third generation she bids fair to be the typical American girl. The question is, how to find room for her. Our women's colleges are becoming so overcrowded that application must be made far in advance at the most popular of these if a girl is to secure accommodation. Wellesley can not house its great numbers; girls of the

freshman and sophomore classes board in the village. Vassar is considering the increasing of its accommodations, which can not now keep up with the applications. Bryn Mawr can admit only thirty new students next year. In the co-educational universities of the West there is a constant tendency to increase in the proportion of women students. Evidently the girls of this country are determined that they will be educated, for, when the parental pocketbook fails, they work their way through just as their brothers do. Domestic service, sewing, fine laundry, shampooing, fancy work, canvassing during vacation, fruit pick-

ing, stenography, are among the bread-winning methods. During the summer of 1909 the Barnard girls earned \$1,463, and similar reports are shown in other colleges. The wisdom of permitting such efforts is disputed by some authorities, and it is generally conceded that each case must be judged individually. A freshman at one of the large institutions was found to be falling behind in her studies, although her excellence in the preparatory school had won her a scholarship. Investigation proved that she was working in a sweat shop for hours every evening, making shirt-waists. The loss of the scholarship and the wreck of her health were the outcome. But there are only hurrahs and congratulations for the girl who has the health as well as the pluck to make her way through.

"BUTTERFLY THAT TALKS" and "Lily of the Air" are the Oriental free translations of America's "Hello Girl." Several Chinese maidens who learned the trade of the telephone operator in San Francisco have been installed in the new telephone headquarters at Peking. The epithets which the impatient American oftentimes hurls at long-suffering "Central" must fall back unuttered in the presence of so glamorous a title as "Lily of the Air."

VOTES for women in New York State were defeated at Albany on April 27 by a vote of 87 to 46. The motion was made by Assemblyman Toombs, who said: "The suffrage movement is one of such great importance that we owe it to the women of the State to bring this measure out in the open for debate. Women of other States have the ballot, and the women of our State ought to have it." Assemblyman Shea represented the other side in saying: "If we give women the vote our wives will soon be absorbed in caucuses instead of in house-keeping. When I come home at night I expect my wife to be there and not in a political caucus."

The next International Conference on Woman Suffrage is to be held in Stockholm in June, 1911.

THE rest cure has had its day. Not that it is altogether obsolete; but many a case which, a decade ago, would have been put to bed, is now assigned to the work cure. The form of nervous breakdown which is especially feminine, and which comes less from overwork than from overworry, is nowadays being treated to a course in hand weaving, pottery or metal work. A private sanitarium in New England has made a specialty of this treatment.

The Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital has for two years conducted a course which the women call their "mud-pie class." When neurasthenia was found to be relieved by this concentrated manual occupation the mud pies grew in favor until now the cure is well established.

MRS. CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ has been made deputy district attorney of Los Angeles, California. She is the first woman in that State to be numbered among public prosecutors. She won her first fame as a lawyer in San Francisco, where, through the courts, she forced the Hastings College of Law to accept women students and was herself enrolled as the first. She has practised in San Francisco, New York, and Los Angeles. The duties of her new position will involve cases which concern women and children.

FINLAND'S woman M.P. is decidedly popular. Fifteen women were elected to the new Parliament there. A member of the Diet is quoted as saying: "The woman M.P. does not belong to the talking party." Mrs. Alakulju, one of the members, is described by George Renwick as a buxom peasant's wife, "such as one would meet carrying loads in the market-place; but in knowledge, in determination, in speech, and in patriotism, the embodiment of a sturdy peasant life, well fitted to help in ruling and guiding a nation."

THE free clinic for animals in New York, conducted similarly to those of Europe, was opened four months ago by the Women's Auxiliary of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals under the presidency of Mrs. James Speyer, and has already treated hun-



Miss Beatrice Farnham
Who navigates the inland waters in her own motor boat



Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz
Who is deputy district attorney of Los Angeles, Cal.

dreds of patients. The list includes horses, dogs, cats, parrots, canaries, one monkey and one East Side goat. Drivers are urged to bring their horses there for treatment during the noon hour, and small pets are received at other times.

Over 25,000 animals and birds found relief during the past year from the Animal Rescue League of Boston. A home for horses at Dedham receives those beasts who are ready to retire after a long and useful life. Mrs. Huntington Smith is president of the board.

THE wedding cake of to-day calls for the combined effort of the caterer's and the sculptor's art. The magnificent cake which adorned the wedding of Miss Marjorie Gould was designed not by the white-capped molder of ices and bombons, but by a young woman sculptor of professional training. It was arranged in tiers standing fifty inches high; Youth, Love, and Prosperity were symbolized in the sugary sculpture, whose crowning splendor was a Temple of Love inhabited by an armed Cupid.

THE Japanese art of wrestling has been mastered by the Crown Princess of Montenegro. She is a champion in the sport. To offset the possibility of being thought "new-womanish" she wishes attention called to the fact that she is an expert needlewoman as well as wrestler.

THE Play Congress will meet in Rochester, New York, from the seventh to the eleventh of June. It is significant. A nation lashed by ambition has somewhat suddenly awakened to the realization that it must relax and play—especially, that its children must play. Three hundred and thirty-six cities of our country now have completed public playgrounds, and one hundred and sixty-four more have them under way. Washington, D. C., has spent \$35,000 turning an abandoned cemetery into a place of recreation for its youngsters. The colleges are offering courses for playground workers—these include gymnastic work, dancing, story-telling, games, and the kindergarten theories of play. This opens still another field to the woman wage-earner, offering her

a good salary for work which is wholesome, outdoorsy, and full of fun.

SCULPTURE by women has won laurels for several artists at a recent New York exhibition. The Aztec fountain for the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, the work of Gertrude Whitney, held center stage. Sally James Farnham exhibited a statue of "Victory," and Edith Woodman Burroughs a portrait bust of John La Farge. That woman does not lack humor was proved conclusively by the droll lovability of several small figures of children.

WITH the first of June will open in New York a Vacation Bureau. It is under the auspices of the Committee of Amusement and Vacation Resources for Working Girls, of which Mrs. C. H. Israel is chairman. The aim is to place girls for their summer outings in country homes where the charge is only \$3.50 or \$4 a week and where a dollar will cover the railroad fare.

A MASSACHUSETTS girl, Beatrice Farnham by name, and an artist as well as a girl, is investigating our great river highways by means of her own motor-boat. She runs the *Aloha* herself, has covered hundreds of miles on the Ohio and its tributaries, and contemplates going down the Mississippi on her next outing. Her mascot is a chantecler, who swam the Illinois River on the latest tour and was rescued by a life-saving crew.

LONDON now has a woman's bank, its officers all being women, and its patrons likewise. Mankind has but one representative within its gates—the messenger boy. Miss May Bateman, novelist and war correspondent, is the manager.

"ERECTED by the Woman's Health Protective Association of the City of New York, to commemorate its twenty-fifth year of activity in behalf of public health," is the inscription on an eagle gray Tennessee marble fountain presented to the city on May 7. It stands on Riverside Drive and was built

at the cost of \$8,000. Bruno Lewis Zimm was the sculptor. The fountain has sanitary drinking tubes and a trough for dogs.

IF THE cost of living drives Uncle Sam to importing African animals for meat, as is now being rumored, the cooking class will receive a new impetus. The most accomplished housewife will be as ignorant as the greenest maid-of-all-work when it comes to preparing hippopotamus, bushbuck, and yak. Spring llama with mint sauce, fricassee of nsunu, breaded reedbuck chops, will develop new columns in the woman's magazines.

THIS from an American girl, reared in the Middle West, educated at a New England college, now in a Pacific Coast city: "My sister and I landed here with less than ten dollars between us, looking for a job. Somehow we gathered a few plates, knives, forks, and a table—to start a restaurant of one table, being waitress and cook ourselves. Before the second day we had to hire four waitresses and buy outfit enough for a hundred patrons. Soon we rented the adjoining shop and doubled our floor space. Now we have a big, successful tea-room, and it's the thing to drop in at it. In the first eight months we had over 15,000 patrons."

THE housekeeper may now carry a complete kitchen outfit with her on the automobile camping tour. A buffet tender on two wheels follows the car; the lids open to form serving tables and reveal a gasoline stove, a cooking outfit for pots and pans, a vegetable cellar, refrigerator, table linen, and china. The tender weighs 475 pounds.

THE new Citizens' Party of Denver has nominated Ellis Meredith for Election Commissioner. Mrs. Meredith has for years been active in Colorado politics.

THE world's record for women's rifle shooting was recently won at Bisley by Mrs. Chapman of Staines. Her record excels that of the man who won the Queen's Prize some years ago.

FOR THE READER OF BOOKS

Conducted by ROWLAND THOMAS

IN THE latest of his novels, "A Modern Chronicle," Mr. Winston Churchill opens what has hitherto been untouched ground for him, contemporary American society of the begilded type, and uncovers much treasure. In breadth of scene, spontaneous flow of incident, charm of atmosphere, and unflinching quiet humor, in the sureness of touch with which the characters are drawn, the story comes very near, at least, to permanence. Honora, Peter, Uncle Tom Leffingwell, Mrs. Eolt, and almost all the others have a vitality which makes them kin to the people of Dickens's wonder gallery.

It would be easy to yield to the temptation to anticipate the verdict of the years to come, and call the book "great," without more ado. But to us, as faithful guardians of the portals of literature, a question comes and will not down. Has the author held fast to the stubborn facts of human nature, or has he rendered them more malleable by an alloy of the most insidious of sentimentalities? We are suspicious of his attitude toward his heroine, particularly. Is not Honora, all charming as she is, a bit too good to be true?

Heroines generally are. Even the austere minds of authors are assailed by that certain soft-headedness toward women, tending to become soft-headedness on slight excuse, which, though more often noted in America than in some other countries, is too universally pervasive of Occidental minds to be classed as a merely national trait, or as the manifestation solely of a rather mushy mental make-up.

Few are the English poets and novelists who have been ungracious enough to write of the frailties of their sisters without mingling a generous portion of honey with the gall. Shakespeare, you remember, brings that fair sneak thief Jessica to her doting lover's arms not only unpunished for her treachery, but unblamed; and even Thackeray, merciless as he ordinarily was, manifestly regretted the well-merited fate of Mistress Becky Sharp.

Mr. Churchill is no less gallant. Honora Leffingwell, as he sees her, is bewitching, so bewitching that one is inclined to offer envious congratulations to Mr. Peter Erwin when, after his years of waiting, she deigns to see his worth at last. She is so utterly precious a creature, and Mr. Churchill's enthusiasm for her is contagious.

It comes as a bit of a shock, then, to realize on reflection that she is Mrs. Spence-Chiltern-Erwin, so fickle a lady that before she is thirty she has been three times a bride, thanks to convenient Death and the still more accommodating Divorce Court.

Three times a bride, and yet all desirable to her newest husband. We fear it was Mr. Churchill, rather than Nature, which kept her youthful bloom all fresh for Peter. We can only hope that the optimistic newest husband may not find it artificial. ("A Modern Chronicle," by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.)

The Gray World

M. R. EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S outlook is as much opposed to Mr. Churchill's as it well could be.

Though by no means a pessimist, he is inclined by temperament to view Life's grayer side—her little ironies and tragedies rather than her equally transient comedies and melodramas. Far from sharing the life of his characters, he is content to leave them as he finds them, puppets in the hands of God, chronicling painstakingly and dispassionately their joys and sorrows, victories and failures. Romance is not for him. One thing alone divides him, and very sharply, from the school of avowed realists—a delight in color, atmosphere, word-painting, as keen as Maurice Hewlett's own.

In "The Thief of Virtue," his newest volume, these characteristics are displayed more clearly, we believe, than in any of its predecessors. It is not a cheerful book in any sense. But in its almost cruel verity it is a story of such searching power as few of the author's contemporaries display. For sheer grip of life it stands preeminent among the publications of the spring. And in its bleak strength it has a fascination akin to that of the desolate moors where its scenes are laid. ("The Thief of Virtue," by Eden Phillpotts. The John Lane Company, New York. \$1.50.)

Tours de Force

LIKE Mr. Churchill, still more like Mr. Phillpotts, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in "Tower of Ivory," owes a great deal to a vividly depicted scenic background for her success in holding the interest of her readers. Old Munich lies open in her pages.

But there comparisons must cease. The undeniable power of the first two books depends after all on a great simplicity of plot and purpose. They are inevitable. Mrs. Atherton's story, on the other hand, is *made*, and such power as it has depends on the dynamic force exerted by its creator. It may be unfair to say that this force is constantly exerted at

high pressure to squeeze every last drop of "effect" from the material, but such a suspicion is sure to be aroused in many minds. The whole book produces the impression that its writing was a conscious trial of strength.

Under such circumstances it is hard to feel much real sympathy for the strenuous people of the drama, because of their slight humanity. They are not God's puppets, but Mrs. Atherton's. Whether the purely intellectual interest of following the windings of their lives is a sufficient reward depends on the temperament of the individual reader. ("Tower of Ivory," by Gertrude Atherton. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Fireworks

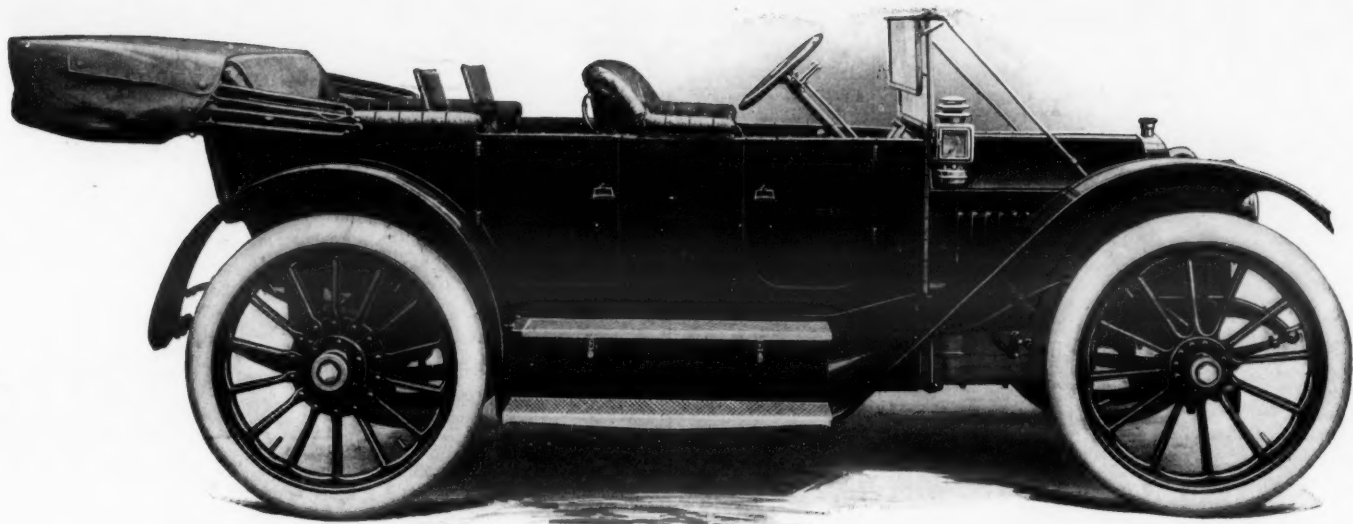
THE actualities make too strong an appeal to Mr. Gilbert Chesterton to leave him much time for dalliance with mere fiction. There is so much in life to investigate, to rearrange, and to explain for the benefit of less gifted folk. But when, as in "The Ball and the Cross," he does for a moment free his mind from the trammels of fact and let it disport itself in the World As It Might Be, the result is dazzling in its brilliancy. In musical parlance the book is a fantasia, but such a fantasia as might have been expected of its author, at the same time a satire, a tract, and an idyl. ("The Ball and the Cross," by G. K. Chesterton. The John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

The Communal Health

ANOTHER voice which speaks with authority is that of Mr. Hollis Godfrey, in "The Health of the City," in which the latest dicta of sanitary science and engineering are brought within the ken of laymen. The problems discussed are very vital ones, affecting the welfare of our whole urban population.

The air we breathe, the water we drink, the milk that feeds our children, food, ice, even the noise that spurs or overstimulates our nerves, are matters which affect us all, though until lately the control of them has been left largely to chance and the politicians who have taken the burden of government off our shoulders.

A change must come, and this little book should serve both as an awakening to the indifferent and the ignorant, and a guide to the interested, for Mr. Godfrey is one of those very uncommon scientists who writes with compelling clearness and charm without any sacrifice of accuracy. ("The Health of the City,"



Ride With Us in a 42-Inch-Wheel,- Left-Hand-Drive,-Two-Years- Ahead-of-the-Times- Automobile

The Owen Motor Car is two years ahead of the times. We propose sending an Owen into every section of this country, and inviting enthusiastic automobile owners—men who know their automobiles—to ride in this wonderful, smooth gliding car—the 42-inch-wheel car.

The Owen has 42-inch wheels and flexible cushion springs. You ride over ruts that the ordinary 36-inch wheels drop into. You can glide over cobblestones without the least tremor or vibration.

The frame is dropped at each end and so hung that the car is not high in the air as if on stilts, but lies low to the ground.

The drive is left-hand with a right-hand control.

You can stop on the right side of the street and get out of the car on the sidewalk without walking around in the mud. The left-hand drive is an advancement in automobile construction as much ahead of the right-hand drive as the side-door tonneau was over the rear-door tonneau.

The Owen is completely equipped. Everything is supplied except the license tag.

Speedometer, Lamps, Windshield, Electric Lights, Prest-O-Lite Tank, Top, everything used in the most complete car equipments. The most superb furnishings and refinement are in every detail.

The motor is $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6$ -inch. The long stroke permits running the car from two to sixty miles an hour without shifting a lever. It possesses hill-climbing possibilities never realized by motors with shorter stroke. The long stroke insures a quiet motor—small wear on working parts—actually developing 50 horse power at the rear wheels.

These are reasons why the Owen is two years ahead of the times, and why we want enthusiastic automobile owners—men who take an interest in, and can, if necessary, drive their own cars—to ride in this newest creation of automobile development—a car truly two years ahead of the times. In design and general appearance it will be followed in 1912 by the highest priced other leading cars now built in America.

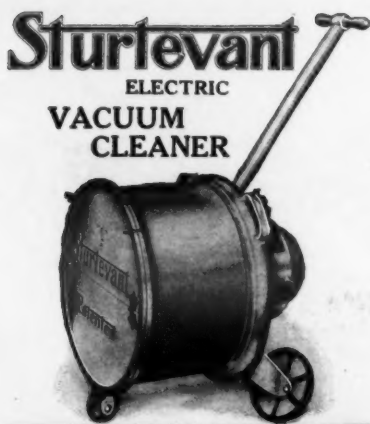
Only a few persons in each locality can be accommodated on these trips. If you would like to ride in the easiest riding conveyance known, send your name and address, and when the Owen reaches your city, arrangements will be made to demonstrate its advantages to you.

\$4,000
Fully Equipped

**“The 1911”
Owen**

**Designed for
Touring Comfort**

OWEN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1611 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.



IF you purchase a cleaner you may as well get a good one in the first place,—one that is strongly and scientifically made and that will last for years without repairs and without losing efficiency. For fifty years we have built and installed more air suction apparatus than all other concerns in the world, and the Sturtevant Cleaner gets the benefit of all this experience.

We use a fan for creating the suction and this has the advantage over pumps, diaphragms, bellows, etc., used in other cleaners, in that it gives a continuous instead of intermittent suction and handles an enormous volume of air which cleans and freshens all fabrics without the damaging effects resulting from continual use of high suction, low volume cleaners.



This oddity shaped fan (patent claims allowed) is a distinctive feature of the Sturtevant, and accounts for the wonderful strength and constancy of its suction.

The Sturtevant will always do good work, as the fan (revolving on the same shaft as the motor) cannot wear out or grow leaky. Pump or bellows cleaners require packing, new parts, adjustments, etc., as every plunge of the piston means wear, resulting in loss of power.

The tool equipment is more complete than that with any other machine—the cleaner is handsomely finished in aluminum, fits into a space 2 ft. square, is easily rolled around on 3 rubber covered wheels. And operates from an electric light socket by any length cord and plug.

The price is \$130.00 delivered anywhere in the United States.

It is the only portable cleaner we make, as we do not care to build any cheap toy machines that will surely prove unsatisfactory and that we cannot absolutely stand behind.

This cleaner bears the same strong guarantee that goes on all our apparatus.

Write for illustrated booklet 23 showing entire equipment and giving all details.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

Machines can be seen at following Branch Offices:
59 Church St., New York; 135 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia;
329 W. 2nd St., Cincinnati; 306 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis;
520 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburgh;
1006 Wash. Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.;
24 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis;
423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1109 Granite Bldg., Rochester;
335 Beunon Bldg., New Orleans; 36 Pearl St., Hartford.

We are glad to quote trade terms to responsible dealers

Genuine Comfort

Get a "Swaycott" For Your Porch

It is a swinging settee, a hammock and an outdoor bed all in one. Holds four people easily. The "Swaycott" is made of extra heavy fast-color canvas in dark green, dark red and khaki; has elastic, non-sagging steel spring; tufted sea moss mattress; two wind guards; back rest; magazine pockets, etc. Complete at the price—no extras to buy.

Guaranteed Five Years

The "Swaycott" is guaranteed to give five years' good service. If the spring or frame breaks we will replace it and pay all transportation charges.

Order a "Swaycott" today; when it arrives put it up and after a week's trial, if not perfectly satisfactory, return it and get your money back. References: Any bank, trust company or commercial agency anywhere.

Price of "Swaycott" complete and delivered to your station, \$10. West of the Rockies, \$12.50. Remit by bank draft or money order, state color desired and get a full summer's enjoyment.

Booklet B5 sent FREE on request.

BAKER & LOCKWOOD MFG. CO.
606-616 Wyandotte St. Kansas City, Missouri

STUDY TABLE
in Quartered White Oak \$17.75



No. 315

Top 36 x 52

COME-PACKT FURNITURE

Saves Over Half

150 other handsome pieces in our catalog, all Guaranteed. Write today—Mailed FREE.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO.
513 Edwin St. Ann Arbor, Mich.

by Hollis Godfrey. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.25 net.)

Mansfield

THERE lived in the last century half a dozen men of great original power who never succeeded in revealing to their fellows half that was in them. Great as their accomplishments were, their dreams, greater still, evaded utterance. Shelley, Poe, even Whistler, it may be, were rebels not out of weakness, but out of strength. Their lives were an ineffective protest against limitations, tragedies of the truest type.

Was Richard Mansfield one of those helpless giants? In his "Life," as rehearsed sympathetically by a long-time friend, it seems not impossible. For his great gifts as an actor were undeniable, and yet he spent his life forever struggling unsuccessfully in the net of circumstance which his temperament wove round him.

A series of photographs of Mansfield in his most important rôles makes the book of doubled interest to lovers of the drama. ("Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," by William Winter. Moffat, Yard & Company, New York; 2 volumes. \$6 net.)

Indian History

THE title of "My Friend the Indian" is no misnomer. The author, Major James McLaughlin, has earned the right to use it by a long life spent in the Indian Service of the United States, close to the people of whom he writes with so much sympathy and understanding.

But though sympathetic he is neither prejudiced nor sentimental. Regretting the pitiful mistakes and hideous cruelties of the past, he is able to see them as inevitable, while at the same time he is full of hope for a more prosperous future for his friends.

Nor is the book a mere dull treatise. It has the entertainingness of fiction. We have seen no other on the subject which seemed to us in every way to merit so wide a reading.

Well chosen photographs of the great figures of recent Indian history—Gall, Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, and the rest—add much to both its historical and pictorial value. ("My Friend the Indian," by James McLaughlin. The Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50 net.)

A Word from the Doctor

NOT long ago we were glad to commend as heartily as we knew how a little book called "The Great White Plague," by Dr. Edward Otis.

Just as heartily, we suggest as a companion to it Dr. Woods Hutchinson's "The Conquest of Consumption." (The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1 net.) The two books, naturally, cover a good deal of ground in common. But they are usefully supplementary. Dr. Otis devotes much space to the hygienic details of home treatment. Dr. Hutchinson goes largely into the question of the relative values of different climates. Both will prove suggestive and, we hope, comforting, to any family which is engaged in the battle with that preventable and curable disease.

Next to consumption, perhaps, misuse of the nerves is responsible for a great part of the unnecessary suffering and pitiful waste of valuable time and energy which is going on in America to-day. Another suggestive little book, "Those Nerves" (by George L. Walton, M.D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1 net), may therefore not be wholly unentitled to whatever advertising value is inherent in this notice of it.

A Fact

IN ALL the discussion of the "Negro problem" in America there is one fact on which the advocates of either race have laid little emphasis. It is not a fact of practical importance to-day. It may never be a fact of vital importance in the final adjustment of the race question, South or North—if ever any final adjustment of that question is to become possible!

But it is, nevertheless, one of the most ironic facts in all history. We call it The Educated Negro.

There are in the United States to-day, and will be here increasingly, men who are white inside and black without. Men whose brain tissue, skull conformation, whose whole physical basis of mental activity is white, not metaphorically, but by inheritance. And to these men the doors of opportunity are for the most part closed, also by inheritance.

As we said at the beginning, the fact is of little practical importance. Such men are not yet numerous enough to become a factor in the debate. They must take their chances, make what place they can for themselves, and accept their fate as philosophically as they are able. They



Ten women of Noroton, Conn., on April 15th, tried shooting a Savage Automatic. Eight of them had never handled a fire-

arm before. They shot at a man-shaped target thirty feet away. Eight women made vital hits, each with her first shot. The other two made vital hits with their second shots. Thus, with the first trigger pull, these women novices found that they were dead shots.

First shots are the shots that count. Next they tried a common revolver, one of the finest built. Not one made a hit with her first shot; only one scored on the second.

Could there be any better proof that

the Savage does not require practice? Anyone can shoot this wonderful arm accurately, because it points instinctively, as you do your forefinger.

No other arm—we want to emphasize this—no other arm holds steady, without jerk or recoil at each shot, until the bullet is out. You pull the trigger for each and every shot. With each shot it reloads and cocks itself. It cannot be discharged except by pulling the trigger. The Savage .32 cal. is the only absolute protection for your family.

You ought to write today for "The Tenderfoot's Turn,"—a fascinating book—free—about famous crack shots written by "Bat" Masterson.

10 Shots Quick One Pull For Each Shot

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Ask your dealer to show you the new .22 calibre Repeater 1908 Model. Price \$10.00. Also the High-power Featherweight takedown with interchangeable barrels, giving choice of calibre.

We have a new free book about Savage Rifles, handsomely illustrated. Don't buy a rifle without reading it. Send for it to-day. Savage Arms Co., 835 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

THE MARMON

The Fastest Running Car in the World



touring car, 22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

CONSISTENT performance under the severest strains of racing and long endurance tests demonstrate the quality of the Marmon no less than does its silent smoothness of operation.

Nordyke & Macdonald Co.

Indianapolis, Indiana
Exclusive U.S. and Foreign Agents

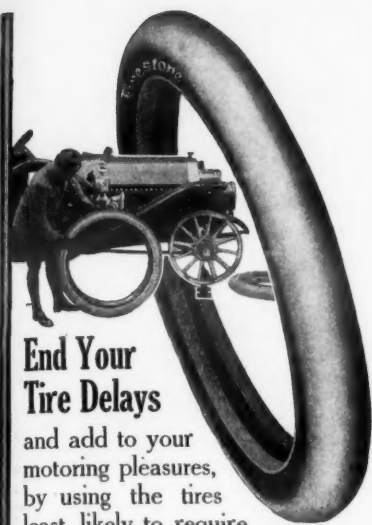
MANUFACTURED COMPLETELY IN THIS FACTORY



ESTAB. 1851

VANDERBILT-WHEATLEY HILLS TROPHY

ATLANTA SPEEDWAY TROPHY



End Your Tire Delays

and add to your motoring pleasures, by using the tires least likely to require changing and the best equipment for tire-changing when required—

Firestone TIRES and QUICK-DETACHABLE DEMOUNTABLE RIMS

Firestone Demountable Rims provide for carrying your spare tires already inflated on spare rims; ready to substitute rim and all, for injured tires, without loss of time, hard work or pumping-up.

The Firestone quick-detachable feature does away with the short-stem staybolt nuisance of old-style clincher type demountable rims. It makes easy work of repairing the tire on the loose, detached rim.

Possible tire changes are not limited to the number of inflated tires carried. Additional changes or repairs may still be made with rim on wheel, as if you had only the regular quick-detachable rims.

Find out from your Dealer how little they cost and how much they save; or write us.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
"America's largest exclusive tire makers"
AKRON, O., and all Principal Cities



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret. The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA. The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE. If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample. If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.
THE SURBRUG CO., 81 Dey Street, New York

It's Glitter Gets 'Em:

Bass, Pickerel and all other game fish are irresistibly attracted by the beautiful glitter of the iridescent pearl body, natural shape and life-like motion in the water, of our new "MAGNET" Pearl Minnow. The ONLY perfect artificial minnow made. Brilliance remains permanent. Durability unequalled. Far superior in every way to all others. Made of Pearl and German Silver. Avoid imitations; insist upon the "Magnet." For sale at all Sporting Goods stores or by mail postpaid upon receipt of price. Send for circular of "Magnet" specialties. **75c**
C. Doering & Co., 562 Liberty Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUST

positively prevented by "3-in-One" on anything metal indoors or out; keeps everything bright; oils everything right; free from acid; free sample. 3 in One Oil Co., 35 Broadway, New York.

are anomalies, and the world can take no account of them in laying out its plans. The life of such a man Octave Thanet has taken for the theme of her novel, "By Inheritance." We recommend it to your reading. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The Human Side of Law

THE Law is not an object of great veneration in the United States just now. There is a feeling abroad that it is not synonymous either with Justice or with Sense. Eminent practitioners of either its civil or criminal branches are not held in such honor on that account alone as they were fifty years ago. It is suspected that success in the first may as often be due to unscrupulous shrewdness as to learning, in the second to petty trickery as to power over the minds of men. A voice from Africa announces that "no people have ever permanently amounted to anything whose sole public leaders were clerks, politicians, or lawyers," and it strikes a responsive chord the country over, though one would search history in vain for mention of a people who ever made the rash experiment, it may be added.

It is hardly a receptive moment for the publication of a book by a lawyer in praise of his profession. Yet we fancy that Mr. Francis L. Wellman's "A Day in Court" will make many friends. Written in simple, entertaining style and quite free from technicalities, it reveals very vividly even to a layman the fascination of an advocate's activities—we call them "jury lawyers"—of the zest of the battle of wits with opponent, witnesses, jury, and judge. Not least interesting are the numerous anecdotes of those great advocates of old whose names have become a part of English and American history. ("A Day in Court," by Francis L. Wellman. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50 net.)

Clown and Man

EQUALLY interesting in its revelation of the human side of a profession is "The Autobiography of a Clown," a little book in which one of the entertainers of two generations of Americans and Europeans tells his story through the pen of Mr. Isaac F. Marcossion.

Jules Turnour? The name is quite unknown, and yet millions have laughed with him for an hour at a time. This brief record of his life gives the reason for the friendly laughter. Behind the grotesque costume and the make-up was a gentle, thoughtful, lovable man. ("The Autobiography of a Clown," as told to Isaac F. Marcossion. Moffat, Yard & Company, New York. \$1 net.)

Sportsmanship

NO BOOK of travel and adventure has come to us in a long while which held the fascination of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds." In it Mr. Dugmore has put on lasting record the proof of his cool sportsmanship, though he is very modest about it. The text gives little hint of the difficulties and dangers of securing such photographs of the big game of Africa. To face a charging rhinoceros with a rifle is no mean test of one's steadiness. Mr. Dugmore faced them with a camera. ("Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," by A. Radcliffe Dugmore. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$6 net.)

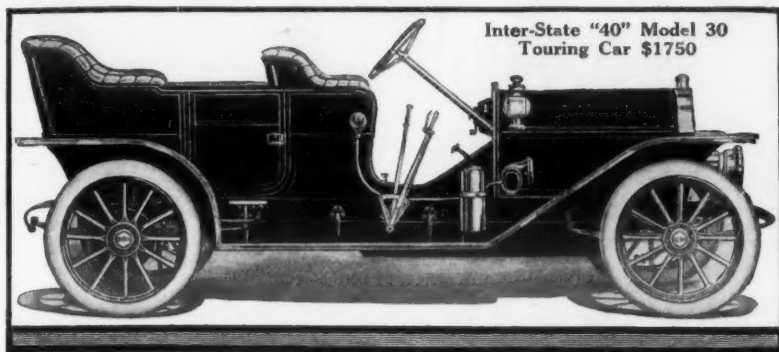
Some Stories

"MISS SELINA LU" (by Maria Thompson Daviess. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50) is the most naïve of love stories, but told with a simple trustfulness in the inherent interest of love stories, of babies, and of quaint old women that gives it, every now and then, a rather piquant appeal.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is one of the few living writers of English who enjoys the distinction of having created a school of fiction. One may or may not care for his school, but every one knows what it is. Therefore when we describe "Passers-by" (by Anthony Partridge. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. \$1.50) as a lively yarn on the Oppenheim order you can easily decide whether you care to read it. It is entertaining enough, full of fairly mysterious, of beautiful women and dress-coated men, and, of course, of ardent and triumphant love.

"The Up-Grade" (by Wilder Goodwin. Little, Brown & Company. \$1.50) is one of the best romances of the Western mining camps which we have seen.

In "The Kingdom of Slender Swords" (by Hallie Erminie Rives. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50) there are two distinct tendencies. On one side the book is a somewhat lurid romance of Eastern and Western political intrigue. On the other, it is an idyl of Japan, its scenery and—what one likes to think at least—its spirit. That side of it is delightful.



Inter-State "40" Model 30
Touring Car \$1750

The Car That Has Proved Every Claim

For Performance, Comfort, Style, Finish, Power, Size and Delivery

Instead of spending thousands and thousands of dollars in making our car famous by advertising, we have concentrated our entire efforts in making a car that would make itself famous. Our claim of greater value is based on actual results achieved. The proving of this one great claim alone has sold more INTER-STATE cars than all other efforts we have put forth. We have convinced our dealers, owners and ourselves that we can offer greater value at the price than any other manufacturer on the market. Now we are ready to convince you.

40 H.P. **Inter State** \$1750

40 H. P. Special Torpedo Model \$2000

If we could take you through our factory and point out the methods, modern equipment and material which enter into the construction of the Inter-State Car, there would no longer be a question in your mind as to the Inter-State coming up to your highest ideal in every way.

You would see how painstakingly we test each motor, how we put each chassis through a 12-hour fan dynamometer test at full power, then adjust it

so as to overcome every little defect and noise. Then you would see how our head inspector goes over each chassis personally before it is finally reported satisfactory for use. This represents the very latest step in final testing methods.

After this trip, you would understand why our motor is second to none in the country and why the INTER-STATE car gives such universal satisfaction.

15% More Value Than Last Year

This year, we are giving even 15% more value than last and the prices remain the same. Our greater value is found in a 14% increase of motor power, a 6% increase in wheel base, the adoption of rolling push rod contact on the cam shaft, and many other improved features we haven't room here to tell about.

The very highest critics at the New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Omaha, Cleveland and Pittsburg shows have been enthusiastic in the praise which they have accorded to INTER-STATE construction. These opinions are the unbiased, neutral views of the cleverest men in the country.

Prompt Delivery Guaranteed!

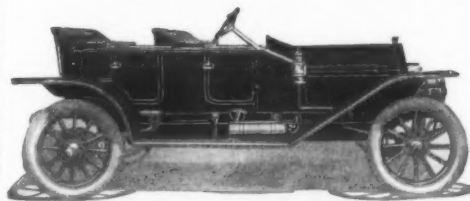
We have not made contracts which overtax our production. We are able to handle all of our dealers efficiently. All Inter-State cars are shipped the day promised. If you have been disappointed and have experienced long delays in getting cars, you will appreciate this great advantage.

Send For New Catalog

Our new catalog tells about the extra long 118" wheel base, the graceful lines and the roominess of our big 40 horse power models. It describes the highly efficient 4 1/2" x 5" motor in detail and tells about the U & H imported High Tension Magneto, double ignition system, multiple disc cork insert clutch, three quarter elliptic rear springs, 34" x 4" tires, and many more high priced features that we haven't room to tell about here.

The Inter-State can be had with Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Roadster Body for \$1750—Torpedo Model with special equipment \$2000.

Write for information regarding choice territory for dealers.



Inter-State "40" Torpedo Model 34—\$2000

A Reminder
COLLIER'S
**Inter-State Automobile Co.
Muncie, Ind.**
You may send me your 1910 Catalog.
Name.....
Address.....

Inter-State Automobile Company, Muncie, Ind.



PHOTO BY
KETTIN, NINE

CARMEN MELIS

A new and brilliant Grand Opera prima donna



PHOTO BY
WHITE, NEW YORK

STELLA MAYHEW

One of the hits of "The Jolly Bachelors"

It isn't a question of whether you prefer Carmen Melis, grand opera prima donna, or Stella Mayhew, musical comedy "scream"—the instrument is the thing and the instrument that is best able to bring both of these great artists into your home is the

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Edison Phonographs range in price from the Amberola at \$200, down to the Gem at \$12.50. The Amberola has the sweetness, clearness and faithful reproducing powers that characterize all Edison instruments and, in addition, a case that is a masterpiece of the cabinet-maker's art. It comes in either mahogany or oak. Whoever buys a Gem, Fireside, Home, Standard or Triumph gets everything that the genius of Mr. Edison has been able to devise. All have sapphire reproducing points that do not scratch or require changing; all have silent, long-running spring motors. Each is a perfect instrument, playing both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Any Edison dealer has the line. Go and hear them or write us for complete catalog.

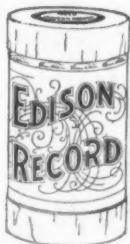
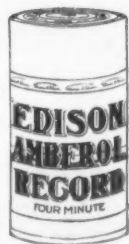
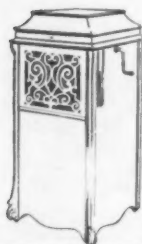
National Phonograph Co., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

On the one hand the arias of a Melis; on the other the clever nonsense of a Mayhew—such is the range of entertainment and such the kind of talent that is giving Edison Phonograph owners the best there is in songs, music and fun through

EDISON STANDARD & AMBEROL RECORDS

Edison Records are of two kinds—Standard and Amberol. Amberol Records play twice as long as Standard Records. They give you another verse or two of the songs you like, a waltz or a two-step that is long enough, a monologue that gets somewhere and Grand Opera that is not cut or hurried. Edison Records afford a clearness and sweetness of tone not possible in Records made in any other way. They always do justice to the singer, band or orchestra—that is why the great singers and musicians prefer to make Records for the Edison Phonograph. Edison Records can be bought of any Edison dealer—Standard Records at 35 cents each; Amberol Records 50 cents each; Grand Opera Records 75 cents to \$2.00.

National Phonograph Co., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Deep Waters

(Continued from page 19)

will drag these people like a magnet. I thought it out coming down in the train."

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you later. There are a few details to be worked upon first. Meanwhile, let us trickle to the sea-front and take a sail in one of those boats. I am at my best in a boat."

Mr. Milfin, having remarked "Yeo-ho" in a meditative voice, seated himself at the helm, somewhat saddened by his failure to borrow a quid of tobacco from the *Ocean Beauty's* proprietor. For, as he justly observed, without properties and make-up, where were you?

THE summer day had lost its oppressive heat. A fresh breeze had sprung up. George, manipulating the sheet automatically, fell into a reverie. A moment comes in the life of every man when an inward voice whispers to him: "This is The One!" In George's case the voice had not whispered; it had shouted. From now onward there could be but one woman in the world for him. From now onward—Mr. Milfin uttered a startled exclamation. George woke up.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Just like a flash," said Mr. Milfin complacently. "It's always the way with me. Give me time, and the artistic idea is bound to come. Just some little thought, some little, apparently obvious, idea which stamps the man of genius. It beats me why I didn't think of it before. Why, of course, a costume piece with a male star is a hundred times more effective."

"What are you talking about?"

"I see now," continued Mr. Milfin, "that there was a flaw in my original plan. My idea was this. We were talking in the train about the bathing down here, and the quarter-back happened to say she could swim some, and it suddenly came to me."

THE quarter-back was the leading woman, she who omitted to give cues. "I said to myself: 'George is a sport. He will be delighted to do a little thing like that.'"

"Do what?"

"Why, rescue the quarter-back."

"What?"

"She and you," said Mr. Milfin, "were to go in swimming together, while I waited on the sands, holding our bone-headed press-agent on a leash. About a hundred yards from shore, up go her arms. Piercing scream. Agitated crowd on the beach. What is the matter? What has happened? A touch of cramp. Will she be drowned? No! G. Barnert Callender, author of 'Fate's Footballs,' which opens at the Beach Theater on Monday evening next at eight-fifteen sharp, will save her. See! He has her. He is bringing her in. She is safe. How pleased her mother will be. And the public, what a bit of luck for them! They will be able to see her act at eight-fifteen sharp on Monday, after all. Back you come to the shore. Cheering crowds. Weeping women. Strong situation. I unleash the press-agent, and off he shoots, in time to get the story into the evening paper. It was a bully idea, but I see now there were one or two flaws in it."

"You do, do you?" said George.

"It occurs to me, on reflection, that after all you wouldn't have stood for it. A something, I don't know what, which is lacking in your nature, would have made you throw down the scheme."

"I'm glad that occurred to you."

"And a far greater flaw was that it was too altruistic. It boomed you, and it boomed the quarter-back, but I didn't get a thing out of it. My revised scheme is a thousand times better in every way."

"Don't say you've another."

"I have. And," added Mr. Milfin with modest pride, "it is a pippin. This time I unhesitatingly assert that I have the goods. In about one minute from now you will hear me exclaim in a clear, musical voice the single word: 'Jump!' That is your cue to beat it over the side as quick as you can move, for at that precise moment this spanking craft is going to capsize."

George spun round in his seat. Mr. Milfin's face was shining with kindly enthusiasm. The shore was at least two hundred yards away, and that morning he had had his first swimming lesson.

"A movement of the tiller will do it. These accidents are common objects of the seashore. I may mention that I can swim just enough to keep myself afloat, so it's up to you. I wouldn't do this for every one, but, seeing that we were boys together—are you ready?"

"Stop!" cried George. "Don't do it. Listen."

"Are you ready?"

The *Ocean Beauty* gave a plunge.

"You lunatic! Listen to me. I—"

"Jump!" said Mr. Milfin.

A Damaging Confession

When a woman says, "Thank Heaven, I'm through with my Spring house-cleaning," she makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for twelve months she allowed her house to grow dirtier, month by month, until it became just twelve times as dirty as it should have been.

What excuse does she offer? Why do this thing only once or twice a year?

Because of the confusion, the misery, the worry it causes.

"House-cleaning time!" Who does not shudder to think of it!

A well-known domestic science authority said the other day, "The Duntley Cleaner is the greatest household invention since the sewing machine. It does more to lighten housework and to make the home sanitary than any other one thing."

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner transforms the care of home from an infinite burden into a comparative pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, ripping up of carpets, and what not, to get rid of the accumulated dirt of months, we have a regular and simple renovation which results in perpetual freedom from dust, grime and disease germs.

You need never sweep nor dust again. The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner will do it for you—ten times easier, ten times quicker and ten times better.

I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the house-cleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you a machine for a free demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I want you to know why this cleaner has won Grand Prizes in this country and Gold Medals abroad. I want you to realize that it is cheaper to have a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner than to be without one.

Let me prove what I claim—in your own home. I will take all the risk. If you do not find that the Duntley Cleaner is an actual household necessity, send it back.

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners are operated by the ordinary electric light current. Where there is no electricity, hand-power machines can be furnished.

Prices range from \$45.00 to \$125.00. Small monthly payments, when desired.

Fill out and mail to me today the coupon below.

J. W. Duntley, President

402 Harvester Building
Chicago

Cut on This Line and Mail Coupon at Once

Duntley Manufacturing Co.
402 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for household use, and your book on scientific house-cleaning.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

County.....State.....

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



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Other
Let us
5 La Sa

The Modern Clothes-Drying Convenience

Study these pictures. They present a striking contrast between the modern and the old-fashioned way of drying clothes.

On your lawn the HILL CLOTHES DRYER does away with the unsightly posts, poles and lines of the ordinary clothes yard. Saves you the labor of dragging a heavy clothes basket up and down the yard every wash day—saves your time, saves your grass.

On your balcony the HILL DRYER saves you the danger of leaning out over space to manipulate the dangerous pulley lines. Holds six times as many clothes, is far more convenient, looks infinitely better.

HILL
LAWN
DRYER

HILL
BALCONY
DRYER

HILL CLOTHES DRYER

FOR THE LAWN—FOR THE ROOF—FOR THE BALCONY

—is the up-to-date, common-sense contrivance for drying clothes—a rotary clothes line with 100 to 150 feet of line, every part of which can be reached by standing in one spot.

Keeps clothes out of the dirt and dries them quickly and privately. Sheets hung up on the outside hide intimate personal apparel from the curious gaze of neighbors and passersby.

Can be put up or taken down in a minute, and folds up like an umbrella when you are through with it. Inexpensive, yet invaluable as a time, temper and trouble saver.

Get one for your lawn; or, if you live in an apartment, insist that your landlord supply you with a HILL DRYER for balcony or roof.

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Let us send you FREE our handsome folder printed in colors showing HILL DRYERS in use. Send a postal for it today.

HILL DRYER CO.

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Limited

—daily from Chicago to Colorado Springs and Denver direct—

will take you there in perfect comfort—with but one night on the way. A train so well appointed that hotel men wonder how it's done. Stenographer, valet, barber—and a thousand and one comforts from snowy, roomy beds to fresh cut flowers upon the dining table.

Victrola recitals and world's news service en route

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5 La Salle Station

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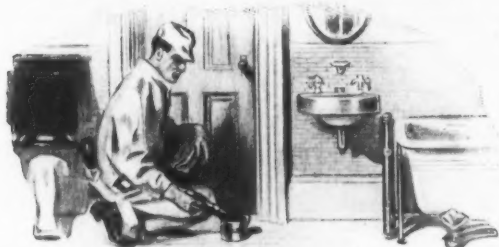
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ENAMEL
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is the finest quality of white enamel that can be made. It dries quickly, with a beautiful glossy surface that retains its beauty through exposure and wear and does not turn yellow. Is easily kept clean and is not affected by repeated washing. It is intended for use on the finest interior woodwork, and can be used over old varnished or painted surfaces with most excellent results. Can be rubbed to a dull finish.

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The finest of straw hats—made by hand of choice braids in all the newest styles and shapes. Write for "B and K STRAW HAT GUIDE AND BASE-BALL BOOK."

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Designers and Makers of
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LITHOLIN
CUT COLLARS and CUFFS
OUT OF LAUNDRY BILLS

Wear "Litholin," Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs and Save
Wiped with damp cloth they are as fresh as when new. Unlike celluloid and rubber goods they are made in the latest styles, are "up-to-date," and "chic." Look well, wear well, and have a "slip easy" space for the tie.

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If not in stock at your shirt store, send us style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, to any address, postpaid. Catalog free on request.

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7 Waverly Place, NEW YORK

ASK FOR THE
CROWN GARTER
(Pat. April 22, 1907)



NO METAL
IN CONTACT
WITH THE LEG.

FOR KNEE or
FULL LENGTH
DRAWERS.

"The Garter with the Holes"
Perspiration and Odor-Proof.

25 and 50 cents.
At your dealer's or post-paid
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Dept. C

Safety Razor Blades 2 1/2 c
Made Sharper Than New 2 1/2 c ea.

Exclusive process; no wearing down; double edge blades a specialty. Send one dozen blades and 50c today and save 70c.

SHARPEGE COMPANY, Woodmont, Conn.

"Everything
that Floats"



Send today for full particulars of the new Racine Models. We make every sort of power, row, sailboat, and canoe. Don't buy anywhere until you have our money-saving facts.

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO.
D. P. K. Muskegon, Mich.

George came to the surface some yards from the overturned boat, and, looking round for Mr. Mifflin, discovered that great thinker treading water a few feet away.

"Get busy, George," he remarked. "It is not easy to shake one's fist at a man when in deep water, but George managed it."

"For five cents," he cried, "I'd leave you to look after yourself."

"You can do better than that," said Mr. Mifflin. "I'll give you a dime to tow me in. Get busy. It's cold."

In gloomy silence George gripped him by the elbows. Mr. Mifflin looked over his shoulder.

"We shall have a good house," he said. "The orchestra chairs are full already, and the circle's filling. Work away, George; you're doing fine. This act is going to be a scream from start to finish."

WITH pleasant conversation he endeavored to while away the monotony of the journey; but George made no reply. He was doing some rapid thinking. With ordinary luck, he thought bitterly, all would have been well. He could have gone on splashing vigorously under his teacher's care for a week, gradually improving till he emerged into a reasonably proficient swimmer. But now—! In an age of miracles he might have explained away his present performance; but how was he to— And then there came to him an idea, simple, as all great ideas are, but magnificent.

He stopped, and trod water. "Tired?" said Mr. Mifflin. "Well, take a rest," he added kindly; "take a rest. No need to hurry."

"See here," said George. "This piece is going to be recast. We're going to exchange parts. You're rescuing me. See? Never mind why. I haven't time to explain it to you now. Do you understand?"

"No," said Mr. Mifflin. "I'll get behind you and push you; but don't forget, when we get to the shore, that you've done the rescuing."

Mr. Mifflin pondered. "Is this wise?" he said. "It is a strong part, the rescuer, but I'm not sure the other wouldn't suit my style better. The silent hand-grip. The catch in the voice. You want a practised actor for that. I don't think you'd be up to it, George."

"Never mind about me. That's how it's going to be."

Mr. Mifflin pondered once more. "No," he said at length, "it wouldn't do. You mean well, George, but it would kill the show. We'll go on as before."

"Will we?" said George unpleasantly. "Would you like to know what I'm going to do to you then? I'm going to hit you very hard under the jaw, and I'm going to take hold of your neck and squeeze it till you lose consciousness, and then I'm going to drag you to the beach and tell people I had to beat you up because you lost your head and struggled."

Mr. Mifflin pondered for the third time.

"You are?" he said.

"I am," said George.

"Then," said Mr. Mifflin cordially, "say no more. I take your point. My objections are removed. But," he concluded, "this is the last time I come bathing with you, George."

MR. MIFFLIN'S artistic misgivings as to his colleague's ability to handle so subtle a part as that of rescued were more than justified on their arrival. A large and interested audience had collected by the time they reached the shore, an audience to which any artist should have been glad to play; but George, forcing his way through, hurried to the hotel without attempting to satisfy them. Not a single silent handshake did he bestow on his rescuer. There was no catch in his voice as he made the one remark which he did make—to a man with whiskers who asked him if the boat had upset.

He had just changed his wet clothes—it seemed to him that he had been doing nothing but change his wet clothes since he had come to Ocean City—when Mr. Mifflin entered in a bathrobe.

"They lent me this downstairs," he explained, "while they dried my clothes. They would do anything for me. I'm the popular hero. My boy, you made the mistake of your life when you threw up the rescuer part. It has all the fat. I see that now. The rescuer plays the other man off the stage every time. I've just been interviewed by the fellow on the local newspaper. He's correspondent to a couple of New York papers. The country will ring with this thing. I've told them all the parts I've ever played and my favorite breakfast food. There's a man coming up to take my photograph to-morrow. Pigskins stock has gone up with a run. Wait till Monday and see what sort of a house we shall draw. By the way, the reporter fellow said one funny thing. He asked if you weren't the same man who was rescued yesterday by a girl. I said of course

For the spic-and-span "summer man," there's nothing like "Shackamaxon" outing serges.

In a large variety of plain and fancy weaves—pure white and with many delicate stripe effects, these fabrics are refreshingly seasonable and attractive.

They are far better than flannels in every way—cooler; more distinctive in appearance; keep their shape better; will not bag nor shrink; and after cleansing they are fine and fresh as new.

Why not be "summery" and also summary? Ask your tailor to show you these handsome serges today.

Two things are positively necessary to make the well-dressed man.

High-grade fabrics and a good tailor.

Men are not ten-pins. Every man has his individual proportions. His clothes, to fit properly should be shaped to his figure by a competent tailor, *on the spot*. But without high-grade reliable fabrics the most skilful tailor cannot make clothes that will *keep* their shape and style; nor look even presentable after you have worn them a little while. You have to think of all this when buying clothes. Tell your tailor you want

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE
Guaranteed fabrics.
All pure wool. Thoroughly shrunk.
Made for merchant tailors only.

In clothes correctly fashioned from these fabrics you are as well dressed as it is possible for a man to be.

They are made of the highest-grade wool produced anywhere—the long silky staple fibre; perfectly woven; perfectly shrunken; perfectly dyed.

They make up and drape properly. And they hold their distinctive quality and style as long as you wear them.

Every year we make more than 4000 styles of these beautifully-finished worsteds, serges and cheviots in a large variety of rich colorings and tasteful exclusive patterns.

No better fabrics are made in the world. Dollar for dollar, no foreign fabrics can compare with them.

We sell them from the mills direct to tailors; so that the tailor and the wearer both receive exceptional value.

Any good tailor will get them for you. Insist on having them. And look for the name "Shackamaxon" on every suit-pattern. That is your guarantee of permanent satisfaction.

If any fault develop at any time in any Shackamaxon fabric; write to us and we will make it good.

If you haven't seen a copy of our little booklet "A Well-Dressed Man," write for it today. Every careful dresser ought to read it.


J R KEIM & COMPANY, Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

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The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

Style B 1624
Velvet Calf
Blucher Oxford
"Alamo"
Last



Wing tip collar to match, narrow shape, with plenty of room for your toes.

"Huglite" construction assures a perfect fitting low shoe. No slipping, chafing or gaping. All Florsheim Low Shoes are "Huglite." You'll never appreciate real low shoe comfort until you've had a pair. Ask your dealer to show you a

FLORSHEIM "NATURAL SHAPE" SHOE
To be had in any leather, any shape toe.

If your dealer won't take your order, send us \$5.25 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill the order.

Our booklet, "The Shoeman" will be mailed upon request.

Most Styles \$5.00 and \$6.00

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

How Often We Hear
the man who has saved nothing say "I had the chance of a lifetime—a few dollars was all I needed but—"

The man whom opportunity favors is the one who is strong enough to save while others spend. He does without little things to have great ones.

We can help you to save by our \$10 a month system. No phenomenal profits but no risks, just \$10 a month from you and 4½% interest from us.

You are secured by Guaranteed First Mortgages on New York City real estate, the best security there is. Write us for our free booklet "The Safe Way to Save."

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176 Broadway, New York
175 Remsen Street, Brooklyn

SE-NO SUSPENSERS WORN UNDER THE SHIRT



Just loop the loops over your suspender buttons. No contraptions needed to make "SE-NO" invisible suspenders work, and you don't have to cut holes in your shirt.

They hold better than the tightest drawn belt, yet are entirely concealed.

They fit perfectly and self-adjust to every motion of the body, making them easy on buttons and wearer.

At your dealer, 50c—or of us by mail, post-paid. Two sizes—regular for short and medium sized men; extra long for tall men. "SE-NO" is stamped on every buckle.

EAGLE SUSPENDER CO.
12th and Race Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

not, that you had only come down yesterday. But he stuck to it that you were."

"He was quite right."

"What?"

"I was."

Mr. Milfin sat down on the bed.

"This fellow fell off the pier and a girl brought him in."

George nodded.

"And that was you?"

George nodded.

Mr. Milfin's eyes opened wide.

"It's the heat," he declared finally. "That and the worry of rehearsals. I expect a doctor could give you the technical name for it. It's a what-do-you-call-it. An obsession. You often hear of cases. Fellows who are absolutely sane, really, but daffy on one particular subject. Some of them think they're teapots and things. You've got a craving for being rescued from drowning. What happens, old man? Do you suddenly get the delusion that you can't swim?"

George finished lacing his shoe, and looked up.

"Listen," he said. "I'll talk slow so that you can understand. Suppose you fell off a pier, and a girl took a lot of trouble to get you to the shore, would you say: 'Much obliged, but you needn't have butted in. I can swim perfectly well'?"

Mr. Milfin considered this point. Intelligence began to dawn in his face.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," he said. "Tell me all."

"This morning"—George's voice grew dreamy—"she gave me a swimming lesson. She thought it was my first. Don't cackle like that. There's nothing to laugh at."

Mr. Milfin contradicted his assertion.

"There is you," he said simply. "This should be a lesson to you, George. Avoid deceit. In future be simple and straightforward. Take me as your model. You are young. There is still time to make a fresh start. It only needs will power. Meanwhile, lend me something to wear. They are going to take a week drying my clothes."

THERE was a rehearsal at the Beach Theater that evening. George attended it in a spirit of resignation and left in one of elation. Three days had passed since his last sight of the company at work, and in those three days, apparently, the impossible had been achieved. There was a snap and go about the piece now. The leading woman had at length mastered that cue, and gave it out with bell-like clearness. Arthur Milfin, as if refreshed and braced by his salt-water bath, was infusing a welcome vigor into his part. And even the comedian, George could not help admitting, showed signs of being on the eve of becoming funny.

On the porch of the hotel were a number of easy-chairs. Only one was occupied. George recognized the occupant.

"I've just come back from a rehearsal," he said, seating himself beside her.

"Really?"

"The whole thing is different," he went on buoyantly. "They know their lines. They act as if they meant it. Arthur Milfin's fine. The comedian's improved till you wouldn't know him. I'm tickled to death at it."

"Really?"

George felt damped.

"I thought you might be pleased," he said lamely.

"Of course I am glad that things are going well. Your accident this afternoon was lucky, too, in a way, was it not? It will interest people in the play."

"You heard about it?"

"I have been hearing about nothing else."

"Curious it happening so soon after—"

"And so soon before the production of your play. Most curious."

There was a silence. George began to feel uneasy. You could never tell with women, of course—It might be nothing—But it looked uncommonly as if—

He changed the subject.

"How is your aunt this evening, Miss Vaughan?"

"Quite well, thank you. She went in. She found it a little chilly."

GEORGE heartily commended her good sense. A little chilly did not begin to express it.

He tried again.

"Will you have time to give me another lesson to-morrow?" he said.

Then he found that in the dim light he had made a mistake. What he had taken for the North Pole was really Vesuvius.

She turned on him.

"Mr. Callender, don't you think this farce has gone on long enough?"

Once, in the dear dead days beyond recall, when but a happy child, George had been smitten unexpectedly by a sportive playmate a bare half-inch below his third waistcoat button. The resulting emotions were still green in his memory. As he had felt then, so did he feel now.

This is a clothes advertisement without a pretty fashion picture or an empty adjective. It is simply a plain-spoken reminder to you, that when you are ready to order your next suit, whether for Summer or Fall, you can have it built to your *own dictation*

in a New York or Chicago custom tailor studio. You can have it cut and draped to harmonize with your every bodily requirement—

—yet the cost, for the finest tailor workmanship, will be no more than you've paid for mere "stock" clothes.

"Broadway Individuality at a Popular Price"—\$20, \$25, \$30, and even \$16.50—that is the Royal Idea. More than 5,000 Dealers are ready to measure you for a Royal suit; very possibly you passed a Royal store on your way to business this morning—

With the finished garment, you get a legal guarantee of perfect satisfaction and All Pure Wool; and the suit is ready the day it is promised or we forfeit \$1 a day.

The Royal Tailors
Chicago *Joseph Nelson* New York
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150 Round Red Rubber Fingers
Beat Your Own



You must soften your beard to shave with comfort. Your barber (and you have imitated him) demonstrates this by *rubbing in the lather* WITH HIS FINGERS—mussy, often unsanitary. But no human fingers can soften the beard quickly, neatly or thoroughly.

The Luxury Lather Brush has 150 Tapering Little Round Red Rubber Fingers which work the lather into the beard far more effectively, because their little tapering ends penetrate *between and around* the hairs. They get the lather right down into the beard *where the razor cuts*. This *saves the razor*; makes certain a clean, comfortable shave; saves time; doesn't wet fingers.

Use with shaving wet, powder, cream or mug.

LUXURY Lather Brush

Lathers Better than Your Old Brush: Made of choicest French Bristles and PURE Badger Hair vulcanized in hard rubber—can't pull out. Handle at right angles. Can hang it up.

Softens the Beard Better than Your Hand: Rubber fingers of best refined Para, soft as velvet. Softens the most wiry beard, but cannot irritate the tenderest skin.

Massages the Face While Lathering: Pleasant and sure in its invigorating, skin-strengthening benefits; improves complexion; banishes skin troubles. **Stops ingrowing beard.**

BOOK—"Well Lathered is Half Shaved"—FREE

If your dealer hasn't the LUXURY, send his name and \$3.00 and we will mail one prepaid. Test it a month; then if you are willing to part with it return the brush and we will refund price. Write us.

LUXURY SALES COMPANY, 386 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

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The antiseptic powder to Shake into your Shoes, for Tired, Aching Feet. Makes walking easy. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes. "In a Pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease." Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept a substitute.

This signature

Allen's Foot-Ease
on every box.

Learn for yourself why over 30,000 people have written praises of Allen's FOOT-EASE. For FREE Trial Package, address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



DON'T say, "I want Summer Underwear," but say, "Give me B. V. D." It's the best-known mark on the best-made and coolest Summer Underwear.

This Red Woven Label



must be on a garment, if it's a genuine B. V. D. We make no garments without it. Sold at shops, that aim to give their customers quality, and underwear satisfaction. Accept only the B. V. D. red woven label on

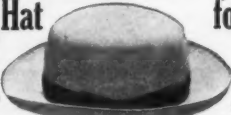
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Coat Cut Undershirts,
and
Knee Length Drawers.

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a garment.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY,
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A Genuine Panama
\$10 Hat for **\$5**

Style No. 600



Crown 4-4 1/2 in.
Brim 2 1/2-3 in.

FINE QUALITY PANAMA STRAW—Light, Cool and Durable. Can be renovated and reblocked each season as good as new. We gather these hats direct from the South American Natives—Then shape and trim them in New York to 1910 styles.—We Save You Two Profits.

They are easily worth \$10 in any hat store. Catalog of 20 other styles in Men's and Women's Panamas on request. Your Old Panama renovated and reblocked in any style on receipt of \$2.00. Don't wait for the scorching weather—Order Today, giving style No. and head size.

CULEBRA HAT CO., Panama Hat Gatherers and Distributors
Dept. C, 11 and 13 Waverley Place, New York

"TWIN GRIP"

PAPER FASTENER

Holds top, bottom and middle papers with unfailing security—yet is easily detached.

Five Sizes
Free Samples on Request
The DeLong Hook & Eye Co.
Philadelphia

Marine Motor Authority Free

Your copy of the T. & M. Engine book is just off the press. You motor boat man will find this book full of interesting information. Here also you will find some interesting facts about the cup-winning T. & M. Engines. 2 to 150 h. p. Many new features—no increase in price. Accessory catalog also sent free on request. **Termaak & Monahan Company**
Dept. J (14) Oshkosh, Wis.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

"Miss Vaughan! I don't understand."

"Really?"

"What have I done?"

"You have forgotten how to swim."

A warm, prickly sensation began to manifest itself around George's forehead. "Forgotten!"

"Forgotten. And in a few months. I thought I had seen you before, and to-day I remembered. It was just about this time last year that I saw you at Bar Harbor, swimming perfectly wonderfully. And to-day you are taking lessons. Can you explain it?"

A frog-like croak was the best George could do in that line.

She went on.

"Business is business, I suppose, and a play has to be advertised somehow. But—"

"You don't think!" croaked George.

"I should have thought it rather beneath the dignity of an author, but, of course, you know your own business best. Only I object to being a conspirator. I am sorry for your sake that yesterday's episode attracted so little attention. To-day it was much more satisfactory, wasn't it? I am so glad."

There was a massive silence for about a hundred years.

"I think I'll go for a short stroll," said George.

SCARCELY had he disappeared when the long form of Mr. Mifflin emerged from the shadow beyond the porch.

"Could you spare me a moment?"

The girl looked up. The man was a stranger. She inclined her head coldly. "My name is Mifflin," said the other, dropping comfortably into the chair which had held the remains of George.

The girl inclined her head again, more coldly; but it took more than that to embarrass Mr. Mifflin. Dynamite might have done it, but not coldness.

"The Mifflin," he explained, crossing his legs. "I overheard your conversation just now."

"You were listening?" said the girl scornfully.

"For all I was worth," said Mr. Mifflin. "These things are very much a matter of habit. For years I have been playing in pieces where I have had to stand concealed up stage, drinking in the private conversations of other people, and the thing has become a second nature to me. However, leaving that point for a moment, what I wished to say was that I heard you—unknowingly, of course—doing a good man a grave injustice."

"Mr. Callender could have defended himself if he had wished."

"I was not referring to George. The injustice was to myself."

"To you?"

"I was the sole author of this afternoon's little drama. I like George, but I can not permit him to pose in any way as my collaborator. George has old-fashioned ideas. He does not keep abreast of the times. He can write plays, but he needs a man with a big brain to boom them for him. So, far from being entitled to any credit for this afternoon's work, he was actually opposed to it!"

"Then why did he pretend you had saved him?" she demanded.

"George's," said Mr. Mifflin, "is essentially a chivalrous nature. At any crisis demanding a display of the finer feelings, he is there with the goods before you can turn around. His friends frequently wrangle warmly as to whether he is most like Bayard, Lancelot, or Happy Hooligan. Some say one, some the other. It seems that yesterday you saved him from a watery grave without giving him time to explain that he could save himself. What could he do? He said to himself 'She must never know!' and acted accordingly. But let us leave George, and return—"

"Thank you, Mr. Mifflin"—there was a break in her laugh—"I don't think there is any necessity. I think I understand now. It was very clever of you."

"It was more than cleverness," said Mr. Mifflin, rising. "It was genius."

A WHITE form came to meet George as he reentered the porch.

"Mr. Callender."

He stopped.

"I'm very sorry I said such horrid things to you just now. I have been talking to Mr. Mifflin, and I want to say I think it was ever so nice and thoughtful of you. I understand everything!"

George did not by a good deal; but he understood sufficient for his needs. He shot forward as if some strong hand were behind him with a bowie-knife.

"Miss Vaughan—Mary—I—"

"I think I hear aunt calling," said she.

But a benevolent Providence has ordained that aunts can not call forever; and it is on record that when George entered his box on the two hundredth night of that great Broadway success, "Fate's Footballs," he did not enter it alone.



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Koenig's Discovery

inner alarm and half by the noise of Koenig's scramble upon the roof, had come out of the house. Quite by accident, she stumbled upon the tableau: Fritz, half crouching by the stable, the starlight showing him a fairly clear figure of terror, and Heinrich, so near that she could have flicked him with a whip, bent forward, an armed menace.

"Dios! don't shoot!" It was not a scream—for Rachel's cry did not rouse even the Garcia servants. But it struck like a swift, stinging blow on Koenig's ears, and it pulled him round to face his wife.

"Now, Fritz, run!" The warning came from her lips, but she was not conscious of uttering the words. It was not needed. As Koenig wheeled, Fritz whipped round the corner of the stable. He was over the gate and on the way to the plaza, running, as Koenig drove Rachel round the corner and back into the house.

KOENIG had intended to take Schaefer out to the plaza, mount him on one of the horses, and in a spot he knew, safe from all but the remotest chance of discovery, end his disturbing existence. Now it would be harder.

As Koenig came out into the plaza, Schaefer was mounting. When he spurred across the open he was leading the second horse: Fritz was a quick thinker.

But Koenig knew that there were only two ways for Fritz to go. He could ride to the Taos Mountains or to Santa Fe. In either case, the road was a devious one, and Koenig had studied all the short cuts. As he saw Fritz turn into the Taos road, he slackened his pace to a walk. There was no need to hurry now. For a little while Schaefer rode at a gallop, then he stopped to listen. Hearing no pursuing hoof-beats, he brought his horses down to a sober gait. Then the old game of hide-and-seek began again. Just before he came to the Indian village, he swung to the east and climbed to the higher mesa among the cedars. To keep him within hearing then Koenig had to let himself out. Evidently Fritz had in mind a new plan. Up and up Schaefer climbed, and at last began to turn south. Only then did Koenig understand his strategy. The ride eight miles to the north was a blind; he meant to circle back through the cedars and strike the Santa Fe trail five miles south of Palos. Koenig suddenly remembered the dim trail that threaded in and out among the scrub cedar clumps and made a detour of six miles around the cañon out of which the Rio Hondo came hurtling. It would be daylight at least before Schaefer could come out to the Santa Fe road. And that was all right, too. Koenig could be there in two hours, so he dropped Fritz's trail and went stalking down toward Palos.

AS HE walked, Koenig reflected upon the quality of this border life into which he had so eagerly and zestfully plunged. It was not all romance; it was not even half romantic. There was an unexpected grimness about it. Instead of the blithe, careless, adventurous people that he had pictured while still following the sun over the mountains, he found them close-mouthed and unsmiling—at least those with whom he had been thrown. In them he found a wolfish quality. Life was a matter of the strongest surviving. Surely, there could be no doubt about that. To be effective, in this country, he had learned that a man's hold must never loosen. Prizes were won by the man with the stoutest wrist, and women were among the prizes. They must be won, and held, in the same way that one acquired horses and lands; and if the holder were weak, women were ravaged, just as were horses and lands.

It was a devil's creed, and it had been hard for Koenig to learn; but he knew it now, and knew also that the price of success was the remembering of it every day he lived. It was a lesson that needed to be burned in on his brain. And Rachel should learn it, too. As he plodded steadily forward toward the point that, in his mind, he had chosen from which to end the final chapter of Schaefer's life, he wondered if merely killing the man would be a sufficient cauterization.

IN THESE hours of plodding, Koenig made a true appraisal of the raw West and its people. By the time he came to the bluff-top overlooking the dim trail, just where it came into the Santa Fe road, he was neither troubled nor uncertain. There had been born in his brain a plan to make his warning permanent. In the very early dawn, sheltered from the wind by the pro-

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jecting rock, lying on his stomach in the sand that still held a suggestion of warmth, he even had a few minutes of sleep.

A long time before Schaefer came into view, Koenig heard the faint clatter of a horse's hoof against small stones. Broad day was there when the rider came into view. Koenig had marked the spot at which, when Fritz passed, he would shoot, and this time there was no hitch. The horse he had been riding shied, snorted, and stood trembling, some yards away. The led horse had merely pulled back, apparently surprised. Koenig clambered down and caught them. Then he lifted what had been Schaefer to the back of the horse that had carried him, and, mounting the other, climbed the stiff, untracked face of the mesa.

FOR ten miles the mesa sloped very gradually and then merged into the pine-studded mountains. As the little procession moved on, weaving in and out among the cedars, it occurred to Koenig that it was young morning. The air was crisp and intoxicating. The sunlight was lace and silver foam and a dancing thing, but there was something lacking. For a long time it puzzled Koenig, and then, as a fluffy brown bird flitted from one cedar clump across his way to light in another, he found out what it was: there had been no chirp as the bird flitted. That was the trouble—there was no sound here. The birds that lived among the cedars had somehow lost their voices. Perhaps there were rabbits and other small animals exploring the scant grass under the cedar boughs. It was very probable. But even they must have moved silently. Possibly the loose dry soil deadened the sound of their moving.

Under the cedars there was no lush grass to betray, by its waving, a passage. It was a graveyard—a tremendous, wide-extended graveyard—big enough to hold the dead of a continent, and he was taking to plant in the center of it the body of one man. How royally he was treating Schaefer, after all!

Koenig did not return to Palos for three days. And then for thirty-six hours straight he slept. At last, like a hungry animal, he awoke, and was fed. Late in the afternoon he said to Doña Rachel: "We will take a little ride now." And together they started south on the Santa Fe road.

THIS time, as they threaded the cedars, the sun was going down. Again Koenig noted the voicelessness of it all. He spoke of the matter to Doña Rachel. "Don't, Heinrich," she said; "the way you say it makes me think of a churchyard."

"I should not say 'churchyard'—I would only say a place for the dead." And then, after a long time: "Now, right away, Rachel, we shall see for whom all this big graveyard has been laid out."

They came upon the sight suddenly. For a moment Rachel did not understand. Then, as she peered tremblingly through the cracks of the barricade, she saw a brown old hat that Schaefer had worn. As he sat there, propped against a pile of boulders, the hat was pulled low over his face. Around him, making an enclosure, with a diameter of fifteen feet, were set cedar stakes, ten feet high, their sharpened ends pointing outward. At the base they were buried in the desert floor, and so cunningly had Koenig wrought the woof of this strange fabric that it stood solid as some bit of firm military fortification. Across the top, woven back and forth, was a screen of smaller cedar branches, to keep from the preying buzzards the corpse that was to serve as an ever fresh reminder to Koenig that, in the primitive man's country, to have means to hold.

AFTER a while Doña Rachel could ride back. Heinrich had said nothing, but she had seen the solution of a tangle. One of these days, years after the clothes that wrapped Schaefer's body have been blown away through the cracks of his strange fortress, and even the nails in his shoes are crumbled to rust, some one will find a gaunt skeleton sagging against a pile of boulders and imprisoned in a weather-beaten, rotting stockade of white cedar poles. "A strange Indian custom," some one will say, and wonder, with not much real interest, what the man could have done that induced the tribe to bury him away out there.

Meanwhile, Koenig has become a feeble, garrulous old man, and Doña Koenig can hardly hobble around the old Garcia house and the path bordering its ancient courtyard. Some of the people who come to Palos are glad to live for a time with the old people. Koenig has a thousand stories of the early West to tell to any one who will listen. But the story of his first year in Palos is not one of them.

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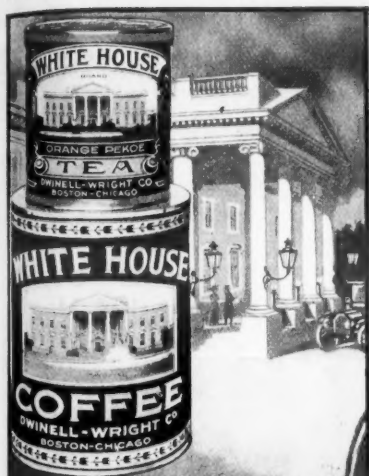
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"It is admitted that 'The National Weekly' is doing more for the interests of the people than any other paper in the country."

—Ukiah (Cal.) Times.

"In the estimation of those who form their opinions solely with regard to effect in political affairs, it might be better if Judge Rasch had been appointed to the judicial office before he was employed in the defense of Ballinger, and if the organs of interests seeking profit through encroachment upon public rights and resources were less profuse in their praise of the appointed; but we prefer to regard the appointment of Mr. Rasch as direct evidence of President Taft's good faith in his announced purpose to select judges



Mix These Crisp Grains With Berries or Bananas

Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice gives an additional relish to any sort of fruit.

The grains are crisp, porous and nut-like, and the flavor blends well with the fruit.

During the berry season you will miss something good if you don't serve one of these grains every morning.

Some Other Ideas

Another good way to serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice is in a bowl of milk—as you would bread or crackers.

These grains are four times as porous as bread. They are as crisp as toast. And they have that rich flavor which comes when whole grain is subjected to terrific heat.

Then Puffed Wheat or Rice are far more digestible than any other cereal foods. They form good bed-time foods, or between-meal foods, for they give little tax to the stomach.

In candy making, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have come into immense popularity. They are particularly good when mixed with taffy or fudge. And, of course, they are wonderfully wholesome.

When you find out these foods you'll be glad to know all these different ways to enjoy them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Puffed Rice, 15c Extreme West

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and made by this curious process.

The wheat or rice kernels are placed in sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The grains are puffed to eight times former size without breaking their coats or altering their shapes. We have magnified grains, made porous and crisp and digestible.

Nearly Everyone's Choice

We have served at a lunch counter—with fruit and without—about every sort of ready-cooked cereal. And four out of five—as a natural choice—have taken Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

You would find it the same at your table, we think, if you served a dozen kinds. Four times in five the choice would be one of these enticing foods. They would probably be the invariable choice for eating with any fresh fruit.

You can easily find this out. If it proves to be so, you'll be glad that you know it. Please order them both—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—and let your folks give their decision.

[39]

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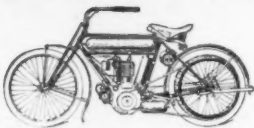
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There are excellent, big money-making opportunities for the operator of the

Wonder Cannon Camera

at fairs, carnivals, picnics, on street corners, in fact wherever people gather. The Cannon makes eight finished photo buttons in one minute, ready to wear. Complete photo button costs only 2c each. Sells readily for 10c and 15c.

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Only \$25.00 needed to start this big, pleasant, profitable business. This pays for complete outfit consisting of Wonder Cannon Camera, tripod and supplies for making 400 finished photo buttons. Selling the finished button at only 10c each nets \$40.00. This leaves a nice profit above the original investment. Besides the ownership of Cannon Camera and tripod, Extra button plates \$1.00 per hundred. Extra gift frames \$1.25 per gross. Write today for FREE CATALOG.

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with most concern for the character of the courts."—Helena (Mont.) *Lookout*.

"Mr. Hoyt testified in this investigation the other day, and was indiscreet enough to corroborate in every particular the statements of Mr. Glavis. He quickly found that he had become an 'undesirable person' to the Administration."—Portland (Me.) *Argus*.

"It is inconceivable that Mr. Roosevelt will disappoint his friend, Pinchot. He knows what Mr. Pinchot accomplished with his conservation policy; he knows that the Morganheim baronetcy would have secured in Alaska but for Pinchot's restraining hand."—Chattanooga (Tenn.) *News*.

"Ballinger's Threat to Punish His Foes" is the headline in the New York *Times* special from Washington. Ballinger will be put out of office as soon as Taft can do it tactfully, and his foes have already won the approval of the American people."—Charlotte (N. C.) *News and Observer*.

"This action of the Committee in denying Mr. Brandeis's request is likely to do more than even certain remarks of its members to create the impression that party considerations are affecting their conduct."—The *Outlook*.

"Secretary Ballinger may be an expert, but when it comes to confidence, the best the people are likely to do is to give him the benefit of their doubts."—Life.

"The removal of Glavis of the Department of the Interior, Pinchot, Price, and Shaw of the Forest Service, and Hoyt of the Department of Justice, is a direct warning from the Administration that any Government official who tells the truth about Ballinger does so at his peril."—Kansas City (Mo.) *Star*.

"COLLIER's magazine calls the Pinchot matter 'America's Dreyfus Case.' Not so fast, brother. A certain element of justice was finally worked out in the French fracas."—Manistee (Mich.) *News*.

"It seems almost unbelievable that a committee of the American Congress, organized to seek the truth, should deliberately turn its back and refuse to examine into a charge by far the most serious of any that has been made against an official of the Government since the famous Ballinger-Pinchot controversy took shape. . . . And shall the equally unwelcome conclusion be forced upon the public that this famous report was really written several months after the date that it bore on its face to cover up what Glavis's article in COLLIER'S WEEKLY made very plain?"—La Follette's.

"In the list of shareholders the name of Simon Guggenheim, United States Senator from Colorado, is absent. But all the other Guggenheims are there, and one-thousand-dollar-a-year Guggenheim clerks have their names down as holders of ten thousand shares of stock.

"In commenting on the absence of Senator Guggenheim's name and the presence of Senator Penrose's, COLLIER'S WEEKLY says: 'Senator Penrose is less cautious.'

"Any one who has watched the workings of Aldrich and Wickersham and Guggenheim's men, Ballinger and John Hays Hammond, upon the President, so well described by Senator Dolliver as 'a good man surrounded by people who know exactly what they want,' knows that the carefully planned theft of the billions of Alaskan wealth from the people must be submitted in the end for approval or rejection to the House of Representatives.

"The real issue to be decided by that vote will be not the infamy of Ballinger, not the iniquity of allowing that marvelously rich public possession to pass into the hands of a private band of financial brigands, but the life or death of all the Roosevelt-Pinchot policies of conservation."—Philadelphia *North American*.

"Since the official head of Gifford Pinchot was handed to Ballinger by Mr. Taft, anything is possible. Ballinger's will dominates the department and the President."—Newark (N. J.) *Evening Star*.

"Possibly Kent and Pinchot and Newlands, and the engineers whom they consulted, are all mistaken. But it is unfortunate that the Secretary of the Interior, who proclaims himself a good conservationist, should so constantly and on so many different subjects come into conflict with the men who stand for the Roosevelt policies."—Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*.

"Comin'—Halley's comet; goin'—Sec. Ballinger."—Fort Worth (Ark.) *Star-Telegram*.

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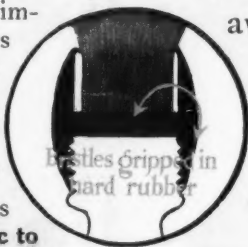
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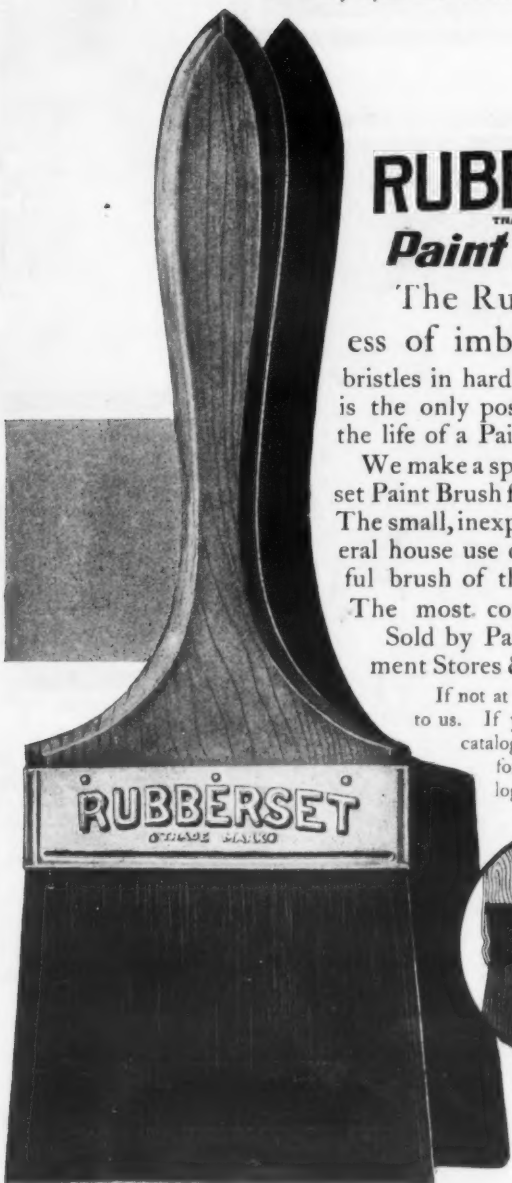
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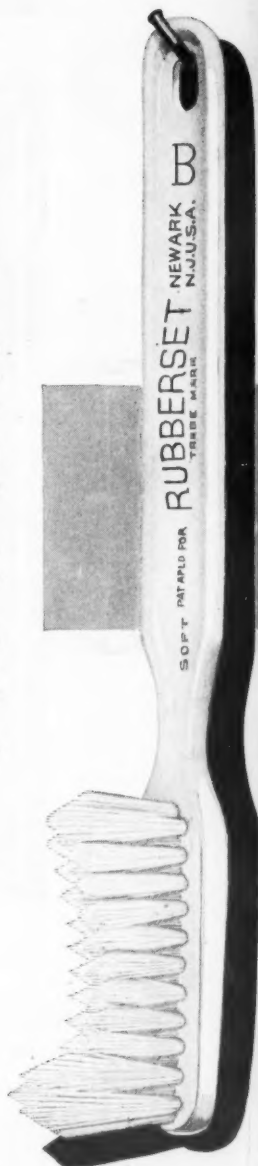
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